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GEORGE NEWNES

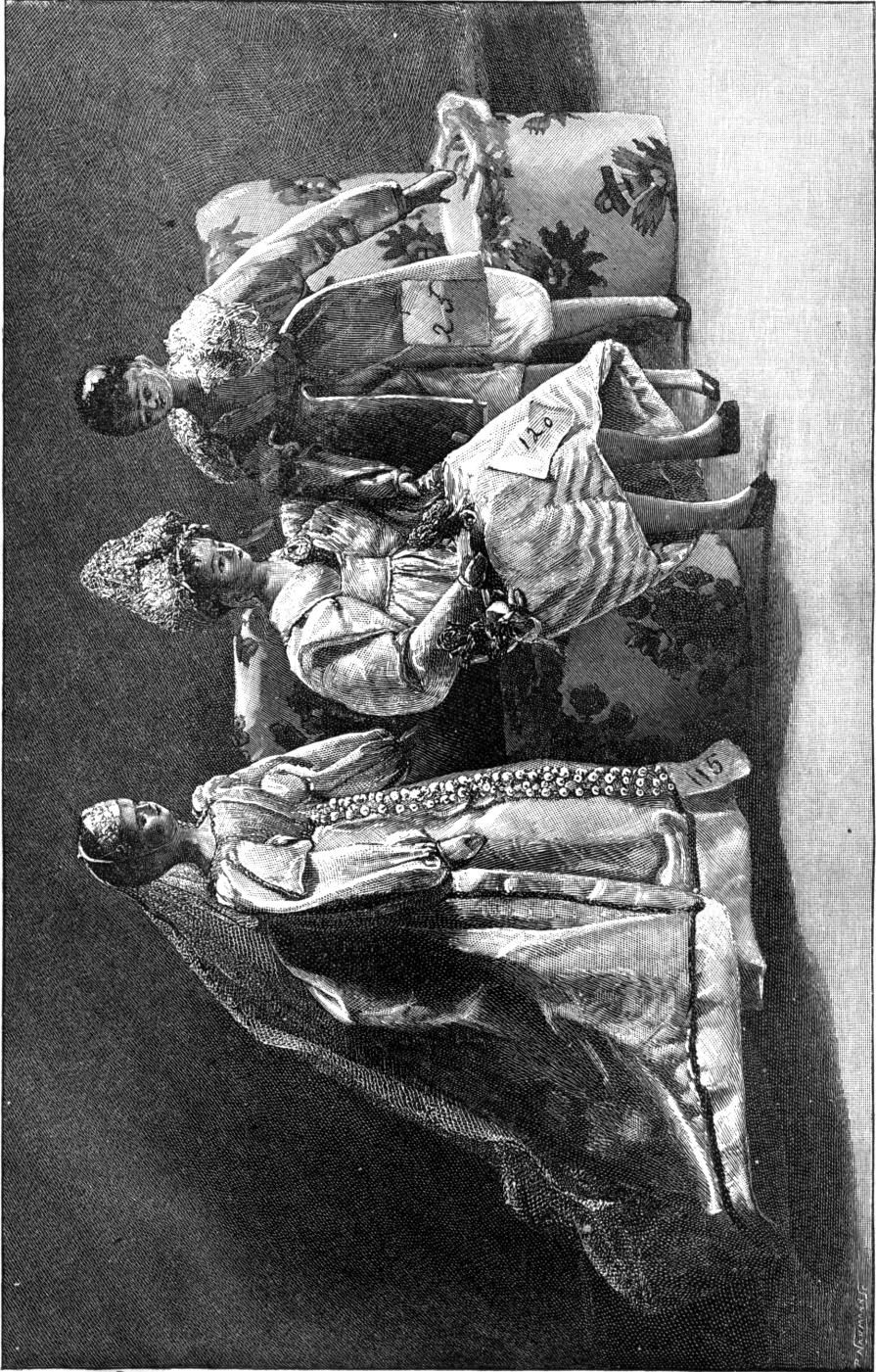
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THE DUCHESS OF PARMA (115).

COUNTESS OF DERWENTWATER (120).

COUNT ALMAVIVA (25).

A GROUP OF THE QUEEN'S DOLLS.

Queen Victoria's Dolls.

[Her Majesty, in addition to giving us every facility for obtaining photographs of her dolls, has been graciously pleased to read and revise this article. Her Majesty's corrections are given in the form of foot-notes.]



FATIMA LADY BRIGHTON (77).

MME. HERBERLÉ (28).

ERNESTINE (23).

LADY ARNOLD (108).



HE instinct that prompts the normal little girl to play the part of mother to her dolls is not the less interesting and charming that it is common to all female infancy; but it becomes something more characteristic when to this is added a touch of art and a strong note of imagination. And if the picture of any little girl amongst her dolls is one that attracts us, if we delight to discover premonitions of unfolded individuality and winged fancies that will presently bear fruit, how much more absorbing and interesting does this study become when that little player is a child-princess who is at once a child like any other, and yet at the same time how unlike. A little being, as yet unweighted with a crown, yet set apart and shadowed by sovereignty.

We remember the duties and responsibilities awaiting her, the momentous yea and nay that will some day have to be pronounced by those soft young lips; and then is it any wonder that we turn and watch

her amongst her Liliputian subjects, stitching, devising, cutting, and measuring infinitesimal garments, with a feeling that is something deeper than what is usually aroused by a child's play?

An hour spent among the dolls that Queen Victoria played with as a child is not only a liberal education in the evanescent influences and fashions of the early part of this century, but an abiding study of her imaginative infancy. We see the scenes that affected her, the stories that enchanted her, the characters that caught her fancy and left an impress on her imagination; and we see also in these childish achievements the same qualities of self control, patience, steadiness of purpose, and womanliness which have been consistently exercised by Queen Victoria in the prominent part played by her on the theatre of life.

It will be an additional pleasure to the many thousands of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to know that Her Majesty has been gracious enough to not only take a warm interest in this little article, but also to

favour them with the following interesting details, which she forwarded through Sir Henry Ponsonby.

"Her Majesty was very much devoted to dolls, and indeed played with them till she was nearly fourteen years old.

"Her favourites were small dolls—small wooden dolls, which she could occupy herself with dressing, and who had a house in which they could be placed.

"None of Her Majesty's children cared for dolls as she did, but then, they had girl companions, which she never had.

"Miss Victoria Conroy (afterwards Mrs. Hanmer) came to see her once a week, and occasionally others played with her, but with these exceptions she was left alone with the companionship of her dolls."

In a postscript to the above letter Sir H. Ponsonby adds:—"Since writing the above, I have been informed that it is not correct that 'none of Her Majesty's children cared for dolls,' as the four eldest Princesses were very fond of them."

In a subsequent note Sir Henry adds:—"The Queen usually dressed the dolls from some costumes she saw either in the theatre or private life."

There is, indeed, ample evidence in the care and attention lavished upon the dolls of the immense importance with which they were regarded by their Royal little mistress; and an additional and interesting proof of this is to be found in what one might call the "dolls' archives." These records are to be found in an ordinary copy-book, now a little yellow with years, on the inside cover of which is written in a childish, straggling, but determined handwriting: "*List of my dolls.*" Then follows in delicate feminine writing the name of the doll, by whom it was dressed, and the character it represented, though this particular is sometimes omitted. When the doll represents an actress, the date and name of the ballet are also given, by means of which one is enabled to determine the date of the dressing, which must have been between 1831

and 1833, when, Sir Henry says, "the dolls were packed away."

Of the one hundred and thirty-two dolls preserved, the Queen herself dressed no fewer than thirty-two, in a few of which she was helped by Baroness Lehzen, a fact that is scrupulously recorded in the book; and they deserve to be handed down to posterity as an example of the patience and ingenuity and exquisite handiwork of a twelve-year-old Princess.

The dolls are of the most unpromising material, and would be regarded with scorn by the average Board school child of to-day, whose toys, thanks to modern philanthropists, are of the most extravagant and expensive description. But if the pleasures of imagination mean anything; if planning and creating and achieving are in themselves delightful

to a child, and the cutting out and making of "dolly's clothes" especially, a charm to a little girl only second to nursing a live baby, then there is no doubt that the Princess obtained many more hours of pure happiness from her extensive wooden family than if it had been launched upon her ready dressed by the most expensive of

Parisian *modistes*. Whether expensive dolls were not obtainable at that period, or whether the Princess preferred these droll little wooden creatures, as more suitable for the representation of historical and theatrical personages, I know not; but the whole collection is made up of them, and they certainly make admirable little puppets, being articulated at the knees, thighs, joints, elbows and shoulders, and available for every kind of dramatic gesture and attitude.

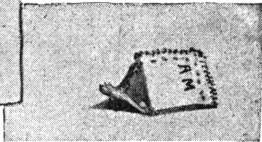
It must be admitted that they are not æsthetically beautiful, with their Dutch doll—not Dutch—type of face. Occasionally, owing to a chin being a little more pointed, or a nose a little blunter, there is a slight variation of expression; but, with the exception of height, which ranges from three inches to nine inches, they are precisely the same. There is the queerest mixture of infancy and

*List
of my dolls*

matronliness in their little wooden faces, due to the combination of small, sharp noses, and bright vermilion cheeks (consisting of a big dab of paint in one spot), with broad, placid brows, over which, neatly parted on each temple, are painted elaborate, elderly, greyish curls. The remainder of the hair is coal black, and is relieved by a tiny yellow comb perched upon the back of the head.



RETICULE.



HANDKERCHIEF.

The dolls dressed by Her Majesty are for the most part theatrical personages and Court ladies, and include also three males (of whom there are only some seven or eight in the whole collection) and a few little babies, tiny creatures made of rag, with painted muslin faces. The workmanship in the frocks is simply exquisite; tiny ruffles are sewn with fairy stitches; wee pockets on aprons (it must be borne in mind for dolls of five or six inches) are delicately finished off with minute bows—little handkerchiefs not more than half an inch square are embroidered with red silk initials and have drawn borders; and there are chatelaines of white and gold beads so small that they almost slip out of one's hands in handling, and one is struck afresh by the deftness of finger and the unwearyd patience that must have been possessed by the youthful fashioner. Not nearly

so much care has been, however, expended on the underclothing, which is of the most limited description, many Court ladies having to be content with a single satin slip—the dancers alone, for obvious reasons, being provided (though not invariably) with silk pantaloons.

A whole group of dolls represent characters in the ballet of "Kenilworth," which was performed in 1831 at the famous King's Theatre. It would be interesting to know whether Her Majesty was herself taken to the opera,* or whether the costumes were described to her, or whether the knowledge was obtained from prints,† which latter theory, owing to the minuteness of detail, seems the most probable.

To this set the Princess Victoria contributed two of the characters, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Amy Robsart in riding costume.‡

The Earl of Leicester (1), who presents a distinctively masculine physiognomy, owing to the addition of painted black moustaches and whiskers, and the absence of a back comb, is attired in pink satin hose, slashed with white silk, a white satin tabbed tunic with pink satin slashings, and a white lace ruffle. On his breast he wears the blue ribbon of

NOTES BY THE QUEEN.

* She went to the opera and saw the ballet, of which she was very fond, several times.

† None existed.

‡ Not riding costume.



THE EARL OF LEICESTER (1).



AMY ROBSART (51).



QUEEN ELIZABETH (27).

COUNTESS OF JEDBURGH (69).

MLLE. BROCARD (105).

MLLE. ROSALIE TAGLIONI (9).

the Garter; and though he has no hat, probably a broad-brimmed velvet hat, with curling white plumes, found loose in the doll box, is his property.

Amy Robsart (51), who was played in the ballet by Mlle. Brocard, a very popular dancer of the period, has a long, narrow riding habit of green satin, with a short habit bodice of the same material trimmed with a narrow gold line down the front, and coming to a point at the waist. Her sleeves are tight, and she wears a large broad-brimmed black velvet hat of the "Di Vernon" shape, with white curling feathers falling on to her forehead. This is one of the most realistic of all the dolls, and the dress was no doubt an exact reproduction of the one worn by the actress.

Queen Elizabeth (27) in this ballet (dressed by Baroness Lehzen) is magnificently attired in a robe of gold tinsel stuff with puffed sleeves and a heavy girdle of gold beads. Her long round train hanging from her shoulder is made of the same material trimmed with ermine and lined with bright crimson plush, as are also her shoes. Round her neck she wears pearls; and a wonderful little crown of crimson plush, with points of gold paper festooned with pearls, adorns the Royal head.

There is also a representation of the Countess of Leicester (2), probably in the famous grotto scene where she appears before the Queen when she comes to seek the Earl.

Lovers of "Kenilworth" will remember how Amy, after her long ride and *rencontre* with Lambourne, escapes to the grotto, and is horrified at her appearance reflected in the basin of the fountain there. Scott tells us how, "reasoning like a woman to whom external appearance is scarcely in any circum-



THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER (2).

stances a matter of unimportance, and like a beauty who had some confidence in the power of her own charms, she laid aside her travelling cloak and capotaine hat.

The dress she wore under these vestments was somewhat of a theatrical cast, so as to suit the assumed personage of one of the females who was to act in the pageant." She wears a white silk petticoat embroidered in gold, and a redingote of pink satin also embroidered in gold and trimmed with green satin. The front of her bodice is low and resembles a stomacher, with trimmings of gold embroidery to match the petticoat. The sleeves are very striking, and, so far as I know, are not in Elizabethan style. There are tight, very much puffed under sleeves of white satin, over which are large open wings of pink satin embroidered in green satin thread. The accessories of this beautifully dressed lady include a crown of gold paper ornamented with gold and green beads, a high lace ruffle, several rows of tiny pearls to which a cross of gold beads is attached, and white leather shoes with gold rosettes.

Now and again one comes across a genuine Dutch face, which has been obviously recognised by the Princess or her attendants, and its possessor characteristically attired as a Dutch peasant. There is the quaintest little doll imaginable, called Ernestine (23), which, according to the doll-book, "was brought from Berne." Unlike the other dolls, it is made of white leather, is about four inches in height, and the same in breadth. She is a little squat, dumpy

woman, with a huge waist and a squareness of countenance and figure and frock that is irresistibly humorous. Her short, full black skirt, edged with red, her green-striped silk apron, muslin chemisette, frilled cape, black velvet stomacher and braces give the buxom little woman an absurd air of reality and familiarity, sending your mind instantly to Swiss figures and scenes.

But to return to the dolls clothed by Her Majesty, naturally the chief interest to most of us. Male characters seem to have been especial favourites, though they are by no means so elaborately cared for as the ladies.

Count Almaviva (25) is, as will be remembered, one of the principal male characters in "The Marriage of Figaro" and in "The Barber of Seville," both of which operas were frequently played about this period. He looks a very dashing Count indeed in baggy white silk breeches, a long sky-blue satin frock coat finished off with a lace ruffle, and on his head a circular broad-brimmed hat of blue satin, adorned with blue and silver striped ribbon and a crown of frilled white muslin.

Monsieur Musard (54), "dressed by Princess Victoria," is, I think, the only doll with an unmistakable man's face. He is evidently a clown, and has the brightest of yellow silk pantaloons, baggy sleeves, a short blue silk jacket, and a fascinating little lace frill.

Some of the lady dancers are charming. There is Mlle. Pauline Duvernay (17). Who does not remember Thackeray's raptures about Mlle. Duvernay?—"When I think of Duvernay prancing in as the Bayadere, I say it was a vision of loveli-

ness such as mortal eyes can't see nowadays. How well I remember the tune to which she used to appear! Kaled used to say to



ERNESTINE (23).





Mlle. DUVERNAY (17). Mlle. EUPHROSINE ANCILIN (20).

the Sultan: 'My lord, a troop of those dancing and singing girls, called Bayadères, approaches,' and to the dash of cymbals and the thumping of my heart, in she used to dance. There has never been anything like it—never. There never will be." Well, I say, when these words come into one's mind at the sight of the word Duvernay, it is natural to give this young lady a longer glance. The Queen has dressed her, not as she sprung upon Thackeray's bewitched gaze, but as she appeared in the ballet of the "Sleeping Beauty," in a fairy-like robe of white tarlatan, shining with tiny glittering shapes cut out of green, gold, and crimson tinsel. Pearls encircle her fair neck, and there are the remains of some sort of *coiffure* upon her head.

A robe with an immense amount of needlework in it and of the most artistic order (30) is worn by "Mrs. Dudley, formerly Mlle. Leon-tine Héberlé," as she ap-

peared in the ballet of "L'Anneau Magique," in 1832 — "made by Princess Victoria." It is of white satin covered with white Spanish net, and has on each side of the skirt tiny panels made of white satin piping, tied at each end with infinitesimally small bows of white ribbon, and ornamented about half way up with tiny bunches of pink roses. The beautiful precision and symmetry of the bows and panels; the delicate finish of every part of the dress; the care with which the silver coronal and wreath of pink roses have been disposed on the head, constitute a piece of work which is, in its way, if one may use so big a word, a little "masterpiece" that would satisfy and gladden the heart of Mr. Ruskin.

The wreaths and ribbons are, I think, quite unique, and I should feel disposed to the belief that they were manufactured for this especial purpose.

The ribbon, extensively used for the trimmings, is the prettiest thing of its kind. It is very narrow, well under a



LADY NEWPORT (111). MRS. DUDLEY (30). PAULINE LEROUX (39).



MILLE. PROCHE (40).

TAGLIONI (14).

ARABELLA SEDLEY (132).

quarter of an inch in breadth, and is composed of two, and sometimes three, shades of colour, in the softest pinks, yellows, mauves, and blues. As for the wreathing, it is an artistic triumph. Each little pink or yellow rose, which would lie easily on a threepenny piece, has its neatly adjusted green centre and stalk and accompanying leaves, all of which in their turn are cut and shaped with wonderful skill.

Several of the dolls are dressed in the different characters taken by the celebrated Marie Taglioni and her sisters* in the ballets of "La Bayadère," "La Sylphide," and "William Tell."†

The Princess must at an early age have been expert with her knitting needles,‡ for the ballerina, as a Tyrolean peasant in "William Tell" (14), wears neat little pink and blue stockings and nicely fitting white shoes. She has a short crimson silk skirt edged with bands of green and gold braid, a bodice of crimson and gold brocade with short sleeves of white muslin, and the most coquettish of muslin and lace aprons. There is another doll representing Taglioni in "La Sylphide" (10), dressed by Baroness Lehzen in a very much abbreviated muslin dress, which is, however, of less consequence when we perceive she has charming little gossamer wings painted in white and gold. A silver wreath is pinned on her hair (see page 233). She again appears dressed by the Baroness as a peasant§

in "La Bayadère" (7), and is a romantic and picturesque figure in her scarlet stomacher, wee scarlet tippet and big blue velvet capote with bunches of pink roses.

The number and variety of the Liliputian mummers set one wondering whether the



TAGLIONI (7). DUCHESS OF ORLEANS (124).

Princess had a miniature theatre, and, if so, whether she arranged her puppets simply as lay figures in tableaux, or whether they acted their parts with make-believe speech and gesture. What a fascinating picture it is of the little painted cardboard theatre, and

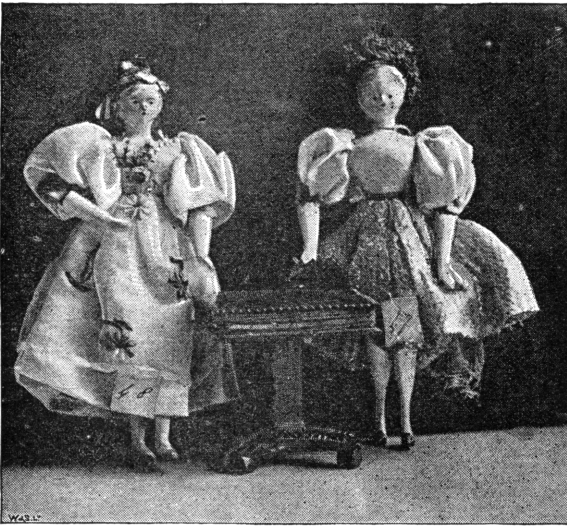
NOTES BY THE QUEEN.

* She had none. † In an incidental dance.

‡ No. Baroness Lehzen did the minute work.

§ Dancing girl.

what an enviable post for a stage manager! No discontented "stars," nor fault-finding critics, nor ill-mannered audience, but the most docile and manageable company of lace-bespangled ladies and gentlemen, and the politest of fashionable audiences, com-



Mlle. SYLVIE LECONTE (48). Mlle. PORPHYRIN BROCARD (47).

posed of becomingly-attired Court ladies in the stalls.

In such a company the splendour of Mlle. Porphyrin Brocard's frock would have assuredly entitled her to the position of *première danseuse* (47). She was one of the celebrated sisters and, according to the book, afterwards married the Duke of Lorraine. The Princess has arrayed her in a short silver gauze petticoat and tight white satin bodice with silver spangles; a gay green garland is on her head, and a gold chain, to which hangs a beautifully-made pocket of white and gold beads, encircles her slender waist. There is an apron worn by one of the dolls dressed by the Queen—as Mlle. Sylvie Leconte, the dancer, who is said to have come second to Taglioni, and who married Prince Poniatowsky—which won my deepest admiration. It might have been woven in elfland, so fragile and fairy-like is the white areophane of which it is wrought, and

so exquisite are the curves and so sure the stitching of blue, violet and grass-green silks with which it is embellished (48).

But the number of dancers is infinite; there is Mlle. Proche (43) as she appeared in "Un Jour à Naples," in the brightest of yellow silk skirts, with prune-coloured trimmings round the bottom, and bodice also of prune colour. The sleeves are of the lightest and most delicate white lace. The little table at which she is seen standing in our illustration below is a faithful model in mahogany of the tables in fashion at that period. The tiny chair is made of cardboard, covered with light silk by the Princess. Another such chair is to be seen in the illustration which represents Miss Poole (46); and again in "La Son-nambula" as the neatest and most bewitching of peasant damsels in a short white silk skirt trimmed with scarlet ribbons, a scarlet cloth stomacher, and a provoking big-brimmed hat of purple velvet and scarlet ribbons (40); Mlle. Augusta dancing through the popular "La Bayadère" (37), in white tarlatan

and silver; Sylvie Leconte (44), this time in blue satin and pink and yellow roses.

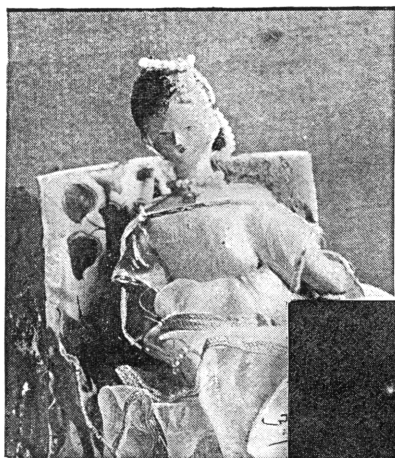
A member of the "superior sex" dressed by the Princess Victoria is M. Albert (52), probably the celebrated ballet master of the King's Theatre, whose costume puzzles me somewhat, as it seems to have stopped at a very early stage of the proceedings. He is a particularly long, and if one may use the word, "bony," creature, and is airily clad in a single garment made of fine white linen. If there were not other circumstances (to which I shall allude in a moment) it would be proper to assume—as the garment comes but a short way below the waist—that other (forgotten) garments were intended to supplement it. But on a closer inspection I noticed to my surprise that the shift was neatly trimmed at the bottom with rows of the narrowest and palest of blue ribbon, whilst a blue silken sash encircled the waist,



Mlle. PROCHE (43).

and a narrow piping of blue drew the fulness into the neck. It is clear then, from this decoration, that M. Albert's somewhat unconventional costume was premeditated.

Mlle. Euphrosine Ancilin (41) is in white satin and muslin, and a muslin apron with the tiniest of pockets worked in silver thread; Mlle. Melanié Ancilin, in white tarlatan and mauve shaded ribbons (42), and Mlle. Celestine, who afterwards became Lady Lenox, in white silk and net and pale blue ribbons (76). Here is the wonderful child-actress, little Miss Poole (46), a tiny doll in a single pink gauze garment of the briefest dimen-



Mlle. AUGUSTA (37).

sions, probably as she appeared in the operetta "Old and Young," singing her famous song of "Meet me by moonlight alone;" and there is Pauline Leroux (39), another of Thackeray's favourites, as she appeared in "Masaniello," a bewitching peasant maiden in fawn and pale blue—to all of which the indefatigable little Princess played the part of costumière. (See page 228.)

Then Baroness Lehzen contributes Fatima Lady Brighton (77) as Miss Cawse appeared in "Azor and Zemira," a very popular opera, founded upon the old fairy story of Beauty and the Beast.

Fatima is the material-minded elder sister who asked her father to bring back rich silks, and whose love of gorgeous apparel



Mlle. LECONTE (44)

is shown in her dress of brilliant yellow silk, the petticoat and corsage of which are edged with a silky, fluffy white fur. At the back there is a big scarlet satin panier, and there are puffed sleeves of the same silk. (See page 223.) Minetta, Mlle. Brocard (105), in the "Maid of



Mlle. MELANIÉ ANCILIN (42).

M. ALBERT (52).

Mlle. EUPHROSINE ANCILIN (41)

Palaseau," is in rose-coloured silk and jewels, and there are a whole host of sprightly nymphs in white satin and muslin, and



MRS. MARTHA, HOUSEKEEPER (82).

ribbons and rosettes and roses. (See page 226.)

There is a surprising variety of hats and bonnets and caps. A prince of caps is worn by "Mrs. Martha, Housekeeper" (82). She is a bigger and more substantial doll than the rest, with a fat, round, good-humoured face, a broad nose, and an air of prosperous complacency which send your thoughts back to oak chests, lavender-pressed sheets, and the attractive "family housekeeper" of a certain type of domestic novel. Her dress is as appropriate and "real" as it could be; a long, full, white lawn frock, full bodice, with sleeves drawn in at the wrist, and a long pinked-out apron of that delicious old-fashioned shade of deep rich purple which is

almost unknown in modern stuffs. A white net cap, with white lace frills and flying pink ribbons, is tied on under her round chin; and if there were many such pleasant-faced, buxom housekeepers in the olden days, it is no wonder that the romancers make so much of them.

The prettiest and most perfect thing in the way of hats is a cream satin one the name of which I know not, though it often figures in French pictures of eighteenth century belles. It has a very broad brim, narrowing to the side, and a crown which rises high and broad at the back and slants down towards the front. The broad brim is lined with pink satin, and narrow pink ribbon is twisted about the crown and tied into a big bow at the left side, the corresponding side having a knot

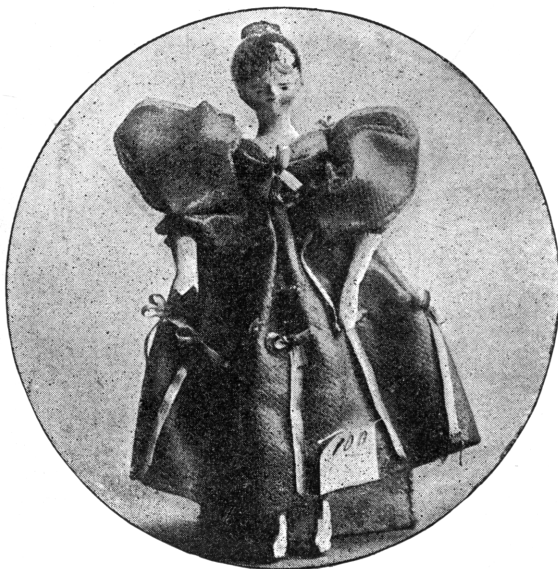


LADY BULKLEY'S HAT (107).

of lace and pink ribbon—altogether a very smart and dashing piece of millinery.

A much more sober piece of goods—but quite as beautifully made—is a white watered silk hat worn by Lady Bulkley (107). It is smaller in shape, with a broad brim narrowing behind, and a crown which is square and high in front and low and narrow behind. It is elegantly trimmed with Spanish lace and white roses, and has white lace lappets tied with white ribbons. Both hats are firmly made on cardboard and are neatly lined and finished.

There is a



LADY ARNOLD (100).



PRINCESS COLLOROWSKY (128). MME. SYLPHIDE TAGLIONI (10). LADY ARNOLD (80). LADY BULKLEY (107).
LADY PAULINE (110). STAGE SOLDIER (131). VICTORINE (22).

peasant's cap worn by Mlle. Rosalie Taglioni (8) which would ravish the heart of any little girl. It is fashioned of violet velvet trimmed with narrow gold braid, and has projecting out on either side two Lili-putian gold pins with real round golden knobs. Phillippa Countess of Jedburgh (69) wears an opera hat of exactly the same kind as was worn by Court ladies to the theatre in the early part of this century. It is made of black velvet with an immense brim, which is bound with pink cord, and is trimmed with pink marabout feathers both outside and inside the brim. (See page 226.)

All the Court ladies, in contradistinction to the ladies of the ballet, have moderately long full skirts, and, as a rule, low pointed bodices and gigot sleeves—and there is not a sign of the flounces and crinolines so much worn immediately before Queen Victoria's accession, and again later.

Lady Arnold (100) seems to have been one of the Princess's favourites, as she appears in at least five different costumes. She looks particularly well in a full-skirted, short-waisted dress of pale yellow crape trimmed with knots of shaded mauve ribbon of the most delicate colour (made by the Princess). The same



HÉLOISE DUCHESS
OF GUIDO (130).

LADY SHREWSBURY (50).

LADY NINA
MORTON (96).

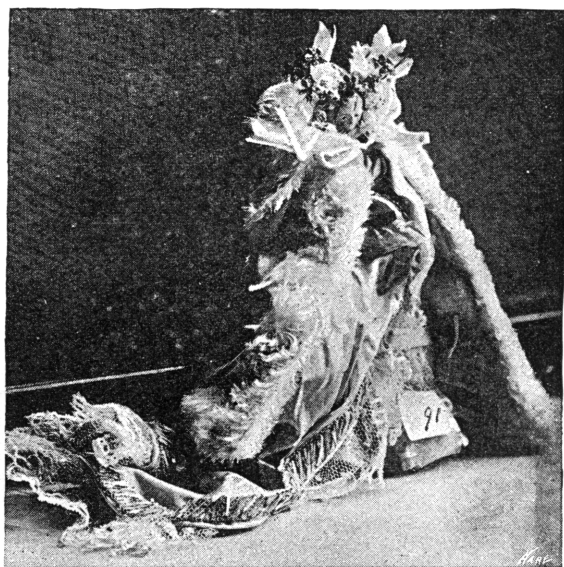
EUGENIE,
MME. DAHALIG (129).

REIZA COUNTESS OF
DEPTFORD (75).CLORINDA COUNTESS OF
NEWTON (89).ELGIVA DUCHESS OF
WARWICK (71).

lady is also attired in a curious old-fashioned style of dress, not altogether unlike the Russian tunic of to-day. It is a straight scanty gown of white lawn, and resembles a nightdress with a flounce at the bottom. Over it there is a sort of paletot reaching below the knees, which fastens in front and has a frill round the bottom, and a sash of white ribbon confining the waist. It is curious and quaint, and has an old-world air (80), but it must be confessed it belongs to the kingdom of dowdism, and looks odd amongst the pointed bodices and full skirts of the smarter Court dames.

A beautifully robed *grande dame* (the part of Court milliner being played by the Princess) is Lady Shrewsbury (50), in white silk with a magenta satin train from the shoulder, and a Medici collar of Spanish lace with

pearl ornaments. A crimson plush turban adorned with pearls surmounts her temples, and gives her a majestic and awe-inspiring appearance.



COUNTESS OF CLAREMONT (91).

Another superb personage is Catherine Countess of Claremont (91), whose cloak of pink satin edged with ermine, and having a deep pelerine of the same fur, is of the most costly description. The sumptuousness of her toilette is increased by a long pink satin train embroidered in silver, and an elaborate head-dress of white net, lace, and gold flowers. Several of the ladies (probably those of

maturer age, as the fashion for young married ladies to wear caps was, rather earlier) wear becoming caps of net and ribbons with their evening toilettes; and one cannot help wishing that modern elderly ladies adopted the practice, for what could be more becoming than the one that graces



MISS CONSTANCE
FORSTER (49).

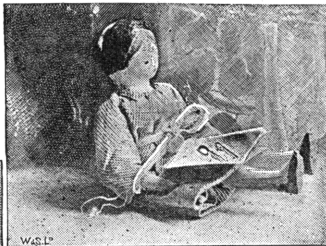
ISABELLA LADY
PULTENEY (97).

ELFRIDA LADY
BEDFORD (70).

the head of the Duchess of Warwick (71), or the elegant and at the same time sedate affair worn by the Countess of Derwentwater (120), whose dress of white corded silk, festooned with bunches of yellow roses and pale blue ribbon, is made

head at present, but there are signs that flowers—possibly a wreath of orange-blossom—once rested there. (See frontispiece.)

Several tiny dolls, representing the children of various aristocratic personages, are dressed by the Princess with a simplicity that would



CHILDREN OF ISABELLA LADY
PULTENEY (98 AND 99).

with admirable taste by the Princess? (See frontispiece.)

There is a lady, Harriet Arnold, Duchess of Parma (115), who seems to have been very frequently married; and it is on one of the four happy occasions when she figured in bridal costume that she appears

in this gallery, dressed by Princess Victoria—presumably whilst the lady is still in the summer of youth. For she wears the maiden's wedding gown of white satin, with a long white net veil falling from the back of her head, in two ends, to her feet. Only a plain silver band adorns her



CHILDREN OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF
DUDLEY (3 AND 4).

as much delight the Rational Dress Society as it would pain the æsthetic sensibilities of a Parisian mother. There are the little Pulteneys, daughters of Lady Pulteney, who is herself ex-



VISCOUNTESS STUART (93).

quisitely attired by the Princess in white silk, strewn with tiny flowers of pink ribbon (97)—wearing sensible, full, loose frocks of checked silk (98 and 99); another little child, the daughter of a Countess, is in a flowing frock of yellow silk with a sash (61); whilst in curious contrast to these young persons are two quaint little children (3 and 4), designated in the book as the children of the Earl and Countess of Dudley. They wear the elaborate costume that babies wore early in the eighteenth century, with long white satin skirts reaching below their feet, and short pointed bodices, one of blue the other of pink satin, with long coats to match, and tight, close-fitting little caps.

This does not nearly exhaust the galaxy of fair Court

ladies, but I hope I have given sufficiently exact details to give my readers some notion of the ingenuity and taste and thought and artistic skill that have been expended upon their costumes, no two of which are



COUNTESS OF ROTHESAY, AND CHILDREN (66).

precisely similar, there being always some slight distinction in the colour or mode of

trimming, or the fashioning of a sleeve or apron (aprons, it must be remembered, played an important part in a fashionable lady's toilette in those days), which gives individuality to the wearer. A moment's glance at the style of decoration employed in Lady Agathina Arnold's skirt (100), and that of Lady Nina Morton



MISS POOLE (46). DUCHESS OF WORCESTER (88).

(96), will give a better idea of this rich variety in ornamentation than pages of description. Both skirts are made by the



MISS ARNOLD (81).

Princess, but in one the trimming is a long line of narrow ribbon extending from the hem of the skirt to about half way, where it is finished off with loops, whilst in the other the scheme is a groundwork of crimson satin dotted with white silk rosettes.

Quite different again are Viscountess Stuart's (93) pink and green silk embroidered robe, Lady Newport's (111) pink satin gown with a somewhat crude hand-painted border in blue and green (see page 228), and the Duchess of Worcester's (88) costume of yellow satin with puff sleeves shrouded with Spanish net, all of which are either wholly or partially dressed by the Princess.

Amongst the Court personages I must not forget Sir William Arnold, a comical-

looking elderly gentleman in wide green trousers and a long, snuff-coloured overcoat, with a turn-down collar opening at the neck to show a blue waistcoat.

There is a curious and mirth-inspiring Court group consisting of a stately lady, Alice Countess of Rothesay (66), in white satin and a white boa, who holds in each arm a long-clothes baby. The tiny creatures are



POMONA DUCHESSE DE CONDÉ (62).

evidently twins, though one infant is attired in satin with a white silken girdle, whilst the other wears humble lawn. Perhaps they are boys, and the satin baby is the heir.

Another queer little personage is a "stage soldier" (131), in white duck trousers and a scarlet coat trimmed in military fashion with gold braid. (See page 233.)

But the most lovable creature in the whole collection is a Miss Arnold (81). She is just a sweet natural young girl—a gentlewoman, every inch of



MME. PROCHE BROCARD (18). MADAME ZEPHYRINE GALEBSTIE (38).

her—in the simplest of white muslin frocks with a faintly tinted lilac sash and neck ribbon. Over her shoulders is a lace fichu reaching in long ends to her feet. You forget for an instant about wooden joints and painted cheeks; and, peering beneath her coal-scuttle bonnet, look eagerly for the fair and serious face that goes along with this Puritan maiden. What a bewitching thing this poke bonnet is, too, of rich yellow straw, trimmed with an artist's eye for colour, in severe lines of purple ribbon tying under the demure chin! Was Miss Arnold's name Priscilla or Dorothy, and were all the young dandies sighing for this charming lady, and did she get love-letters and verses about broken hearts and Cupid by the score?

How absurd it seems that such an idea should be evoked by a common twopenny Dutch doll, and how some people will scoff; but I declare that there is something not easily definable about this young creature which would touch the least sentimental of persons.

There are, as we have seen, several little tables and chairs covered in silk and chintz, and some fascinating tiny bead trinkets and little crystal tea services of the kind sold in boxes some

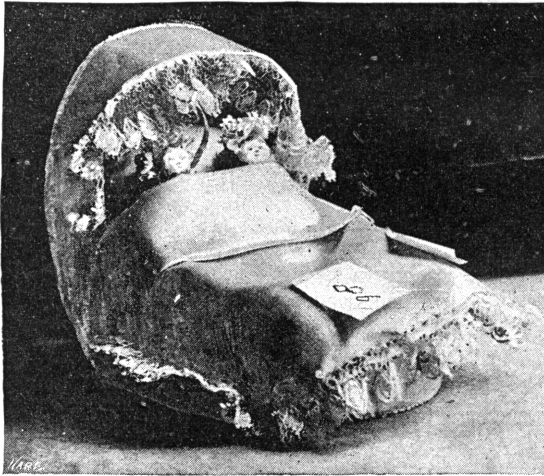
twenty years ago, but which are very difficult to procure nowadays. One of these services, set out upon a tiny table, is here represented. The two ladies who are standing at the table are Madame Proche Brocard as she appeared in the ballet of "Kenilworth" in 1831-33; and Madame Zephyrine Galebstie (38).

This, I think, ends my pleasant task, though a word of mention must be made of a small white satin cradle, made from a cardboard box, containing another set of twins, perhaps the little Rothesays (86); and of a numerous variety of satin quilts edged with lace, and silk and satin cushions, no doubt used for the drawing-room sofas.

But the best of descriptions could not convey any idea of the rich coloured silks

and satins of the robes, or of the cunning needle art which has been expended upon their embellishment, or of the delicate fancy which has been employed with the happiest results. I would that every doll-lover, big and little, could get a glimpse of the charming playthings which made happy the childhood of her who is endeared to her subjects

as a good wife, a good mother, and a wise and exemplary ruler. FRANCES H. LOW.



A CRADLE OF TWINS (86).

The Case of Roger Carboyne.

BY H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.



"WE RODE FORWARD ON OUR WAY."



HE mysterious and extraordinary circumstances surrounding the death of

Mr. Roger Carboyne have excited so much interest, that it is not surprising that the room in the "Three Crows" Inn, which had been set apart for the inquest, was crowded at an early hour. The evidence was expected to be sensational—and most sensational, indeed, it proved to be. But for the even more remarkable *dénouement* of the case it is impossible that any person present could have been prepared.

The jury having returned from viewing the body, and the Coroner having taken his seat, the Court immediately proceeded to call witnesses.

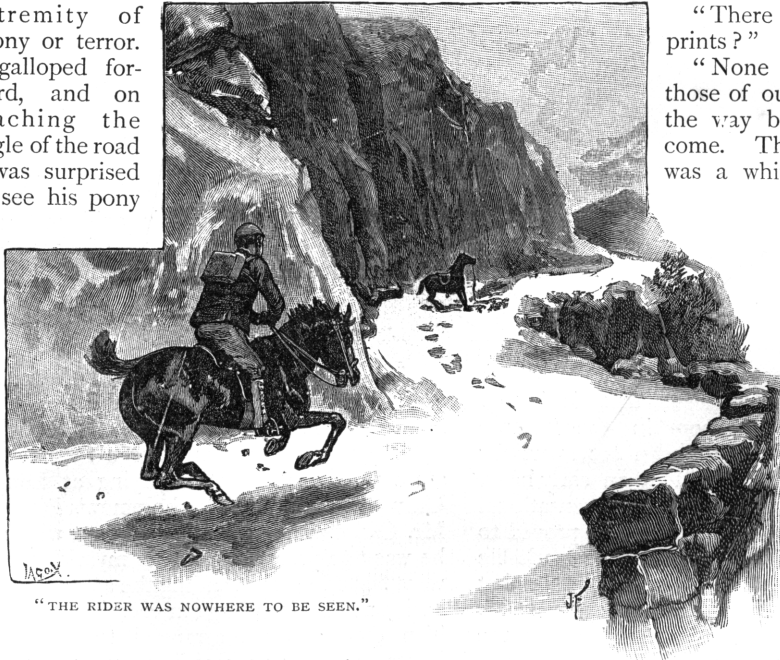
Mr. Lewis George Staymer, the dead man's friend and companion, whose name had been in everybody's mouth during the last three days, was of course the first to be examined, and his appearance obviously excited the strongest curiosity. He is a young man of twenty-five, tall, dark, and wearing a slight black moustache. His marked air of self-possession, and his quiet and direct mode

of giving his evidence, were manifestly those of a man who had no other motive than to relate the facts exactly as they happened. His testimony, which it will be seen confirmed in every respect the extra-

ordinary rumours with which the public are familiar, was as follows:—

"My name is Lewis George Staymer. I am a medical student, studying at London University and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Mr. Carboyne was a fellow student with me; he was two years older than myself, and we were fast friends, attending the same lectures, and generally spending our vacations together. Ten days ago we arranged to spend our Easter holidays on a riding tour on ponies through North Wales. We started on March 15th, and carried out our programme, day by day, until the 21st—last Friday. On the afternoon of that day we mounted our ponies at the door of the inn where we had stopped for lunch, the 'Golden Harp,' at Llanmawr, and rode forward on our way; it was then about half-past two. The weather was fine, but very cold for the time of year, and the ground was whitened by a light fall of snow. It must have been nearly five o'clock when a

slight accident to one of my stirrup-leathers forced me to dismount. I called to my companion to ride on, and that I would overtake him immediately, and he did so. The road at that point runs along the mountain side, between a lofty cliff upon the left and a precipitous descent upon the right—but the path is broad and smooth, being, I should say, from ten to fifteen yards wide, and in no way dangerous. About fifty or sixty yards from the spot where I dismounted the path turned at a sharp angle round a point of rock and became lost to sight. I happened to look up, while still engaged upon the stirrup leather, and I saw my friend disappear round the angle of the road. As soon as I had finished my work, which took me somewhat longer than I had expected, I remounted, and was about to follow him when I was startled to hear his voice cry out for help. It was a shriek—a single ringing scream—uttered as if in extremity of agony or terror. I galloped forward, and on reaching the angle of the road I was surprised to see his pony



"THE RIDER WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN."

standing in the roadway, some sixty yards ahead, with the saddle empty. The rider was nowhere to be seen."

"What time had elapsed since he left you?"

"I should say about four or five minutes—possibly six—but not more than that, I feel sure."

"What did you do next?"

"I rode forward, calling his name loudly, and casting my eyes in all directions; but I could see no trace of him, nor of any living

creature. The cliff, which at that point formed a deep bay, round which the roadway ran to the corresponding angle at the other extremity of the arc, was as steep and naked as a wall; on the other hand was the precipice. When I reached the spot at which the pony stood, I perceived that it was trembling, as if strongly startled; it made no effort to escape. One of the stirrups was lying across the saddle; the other was hanging in the usual position. I saw nothing else unusual about the pony, but on casting my eye upon the snowy roadway I perceived marks as if a struggle had taken place there."

"What was the position of these marks?"

"They were in front of the pony, on the forward track, and appeared as if some heavy body had been dragged for a distance of eight or ten yards. Then the marks ceased abruptly; the snow all round was absolutely undisturbed."

"There were no foot-prints?"

"None whatever, except those of our two ponies on the way by which we had come. The road in front was a white sheet—it was clear that no one could have passed that way since the snow fell."

"Did the marks extend to the edge of the precipice?"

"Oh, no; they did not stretch in that direction at all. The snow between them and the verge of the precipice was absolutely smooth and unbroken."

"Did you approach the verge?"

"Yes; I did. I looked over and saw something white fluttering on the branches of a tree which sprouted from a crevice a few yards below. It was Mr. Carboyne's handkerchief; I knew it by the peculiar coloured border. I had seen him use it that morning. I could not discern the bottom of the chasm, which was hidden by the branches of the trees growing at the base.

The fall was almost sheer and quite impossible to descend. I was greatly agitated, and for some moments was at a loss what to do. I believed my friend lay at the foot of the precipice, but could form no conjecture as to how he could have got there."

"Describe your course of action."

"I returned to the ponies, with the purpose of riding with all speed to find the nearest point of descent, and was in the act of mounting when I saw two men on foot approaching from the angle of the road behind me. They were two working men, and are now in court."

"You rushed to meet them and told them what had occurred?"

"I did. They informed me that I should find a descent about a mile further on, and offered to guide me to the spot. I gladly accepted; we set forward in the direction in which we had been travelling, and had nearly reached the other angle of the bay round which the path again turned, when some heavy object fell from the cliff upon the road, a few yards from us. We darted forward to the spot, and I took it up. It was Mr. Carboyne's field-glass." (Sensation in court.)

"Proceed, Mr. Staymer."

"We all three then looked up and saw, on

the top of a young sapling which shot out almost at right angles to the cliff, a cap hanging. It was about half-way up the cliff—some thirty feet or so."

"You recognised the cap."

"Yes; it was Mr. Carboyne's."

"You formed no idea as to how it got there?"

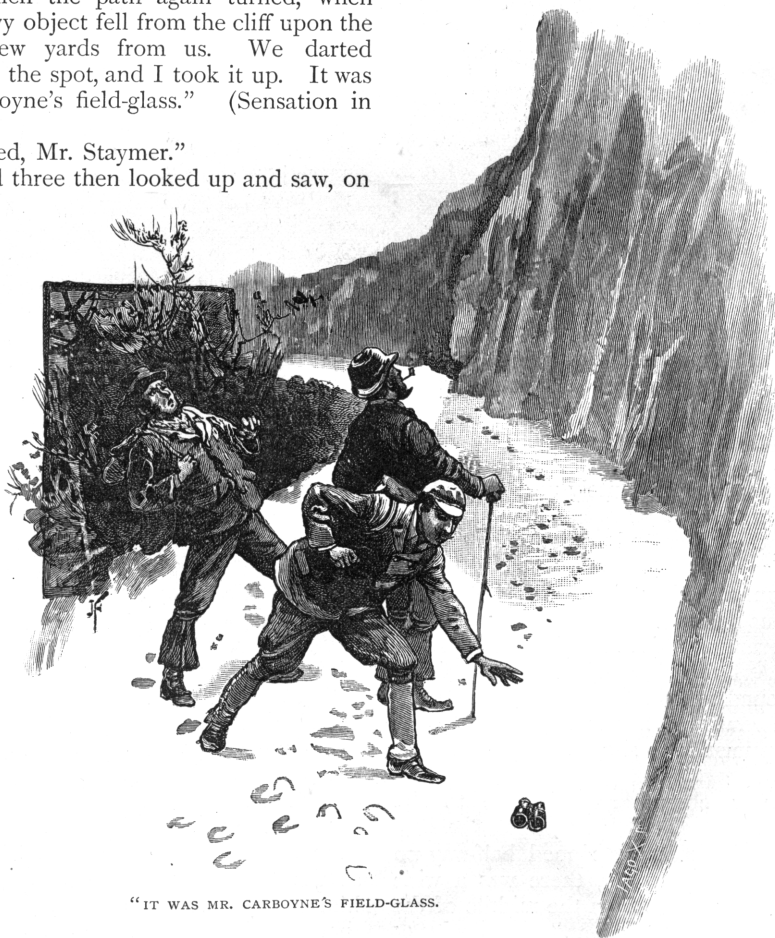
"None. I was completely bewildered, and am still."

"Did you attempt to reach the cap?"

"No—it was impossible to do so. The cliff was sheer wall—a goat could not have found a foothold."

"What happened next?"

"I endeavoured, with the aid of my own glasses, to discover any other trace or clue, but failed to do so. At the top the cliff overhung a little, and then appeared to form a plateau, of which, of course, I could not see the surface. I resolved to ascend to it, and to look down; I hardly know what I



"IT WAS MR. CARBOYNE'S FIELD-GLASS."

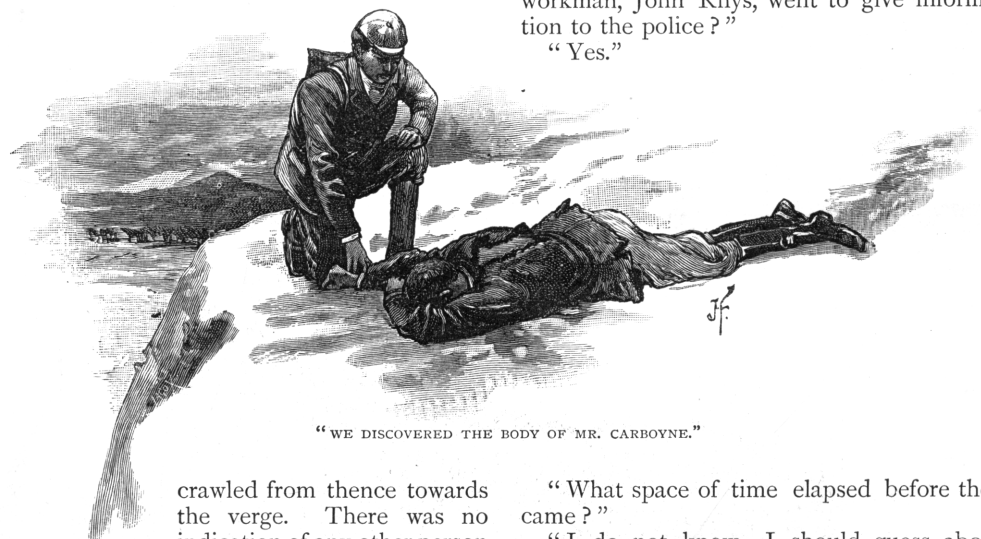
expected to gain by this. My companions informed me that by making a *détour* of half-a-mile the summit could be reached. I set off with one instantly, while his comrade stayed below to indicate the spot. After nearly half-an-hour's hard climbing we reached the plateau."

"What did you discover?"

"We discovered the body of Mr. Carboyne." (Renewed sensation.)

"What was its position?"

"It was lying face downwards in the snow, about three feet from the edge of the cliff. It was clear from the marks in the snow that the deceased had originally lain in a position nearly twenty feet further in—that is, further from the edge—and had



"WE DISCOVERED THE BODY OF MR. CARBOYNE."

crawled from thence towards the verge. There was no indication of any other person having been upon the plateau—none whatever."

"The snow was absolutely undisturbed?"

"Absolutely."

"Was the deceased quite dead when found?"

"Yes, quite. He must have died about half-an-hour before."

"You examined him for injuries?"

"I did. I found bruises and abrasions, but no wound sufficient to account for death. The fatal result, as has since been proved, was due, primarily, to shock acting on a weak heart."

"Did you observe any damage to the clothing?"

"Yes. The coat was ripped half-way up the back—that is to say, there was a wide and roughly-torn rent from the middle of the back to just below the collar."

"Did you form any opinion as to how the rent was made?"

"No; but it was done by a somewhat blunt instrument; the edges of the rent were ripped—not cut."

"Was anything missing from the body?"

"Yes; the knapsack which deceased wore by a strap across his shoulder had disappeared."

"Anything else?"

"I believe nothing else. His money, which he carried in his breast-pocket, was untouched. His watch and chain were also left, as well as a valuable ring which he always wore, and which was, as I have heard him say, a keepsake."

"You remained with the body while the workman, John Rhys, went to give information to the police?"

"Yes."

"What space of time elapsed before they came?"

"I do not know—I should guess about two hours."

"During that time did you observe any circumstance which would help to explain how the deceased could possibly have got there?"

"Absolutely none."

"You can form no theory or conjecture on the subject?"

"None whatever. I am completely bewildered, and can only speak to what I saw, without being able to offer any shadow of explanation."

A Juryman: "Do you suggest that the deceased threw the glasses over the cliff in order to attract attention?"

"That is the only explanation that occurs to me. It is almost certain that he was alive at the time they fell; probably he found himself too weak to reach the edge, and therefore threw down the glasses as the first

article that came to hand. He carried them in his side pocket, ready for use."

"Could you identify the missing knapsack if you saw it?"

"Certainly. It was a brown leather knapsack, having the corners bound with brass—a very unusual thing. The strap had been broken and mended with twine."

"You have stated that the snow on the road and also on the plateau showed no footprints of a second person; you are absolutely sure of this?"

"I am absolutely sure."

The witness then stood down.

John Rhys and William Evans, quarrymen, the two men who had come to the assistance of Mr. Staymer, were then called, and confirmed his evidence in every particular, but were unable to throw any new light upon the subject.

Sergeant Wallis, who had been summoned to the scene of the tragedy, was the next witness. He deposed as follows:—

"On receiving notice of the case, I and an assistant rode with all speed to the plateau, where the body of the deceased had been found and where it was still lying. I made a most careful investigation both of the body and of the plateau, and afterwards descended to the roadway, which I also thoroughly examined. I found the marks of a struggle in the snow, as described by the previous witnesses. This is, in my opinion, clearly a case of foul play—of robbery and murder. I infer this from the absence of the knapsack. I am aware, of course, that the money, the watch, and the ring were left. I cannot entirely account for this at present, but I have no doubt of doing so shortly."

"Can you account for the absence of footprints?"

"No."

"Nor for the extraordinary situation in which the body was found?"

"No."

"In short, the police are entirely at fault?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, we have every prospect of arresting the criminal within a very few days."

The Coroner expressed a hope that this would be the case, but hardly seemed to share the sergeant's confidence. He then proceeded to address the jury.

"Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that this is the most remarkable case which I have ever been engaged in investigating. There are three or four points in it which seem to be absolutely unaccountable: the absence of footprints in the snow, the

sudden transference of the victim by some mysterious means from the roadway to the plateau sixty feet above, the handkerchief found in the ravine, and the absence of the knapsack, coupled with the safety of the money, watch, and rings. These circumstances are beyond the scope of my experience, which has been a tolerably long one—a tolerably long one, gentlemen. There can, however, be no doubt that a foul crime has been committed."

At this stage the Coroner's remarks were interrupted by a commotion in the crowd, occasioned by the sudden and violent entrance of a person into the room. The new-comer, a short, middle-aged, grizzled man, who carried a brown-paper parcel under his arm, thrust the spectators excitedly aside, and darted into the midst of the apartment.

The Coroner (angrily): "What do you want, sir? This conduct is most unseemly."

The man took the parcel from under his arm, stripped off the paper covering, and displayed before the eyes of the spectators a brown leather knapsack, brass bound at the corners, and having the strap mended with a piece of twine. At this unexpected sight there was a movement in the crowd, which was as much of horror as of wonder. Sergeant Wallis and Mr. Lewis Staymer took a step forward, while both exclaimed at the same instant—"The missing knapsack!"

"I desire," said the man, quietly, "to give evidence in the case of Mr. Carboyne."

The Coroner: "What do you know of the matter?"

"I know everything."

"As an eye-witness?"

"As an eye-witness."

"You were present when Mr. Carboyne met his death?"

"I was present; nay, more—I was the cause of it." (Sensation.)

"You wish to make a statement?"

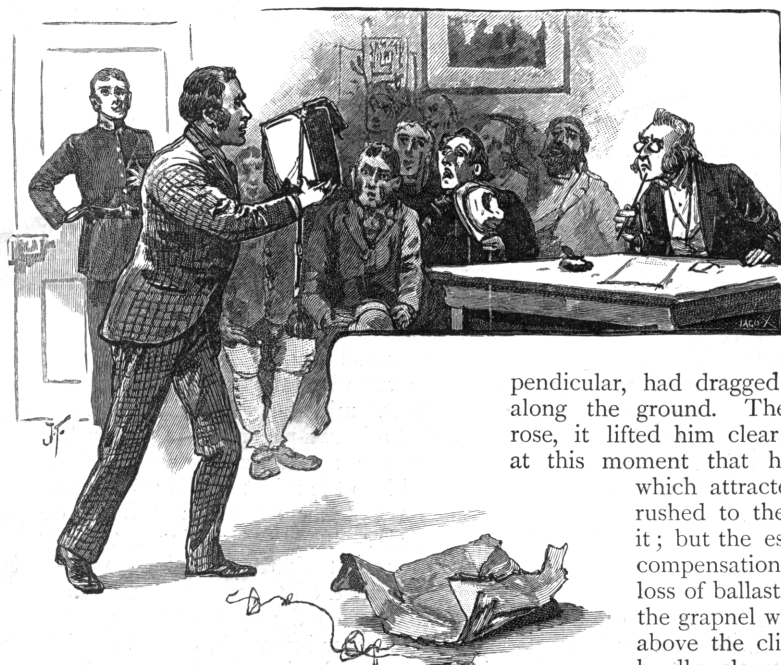
"Yes."

"On oath?"

"Yes."

The witness then took the oath, and at once proceeded to address the Court. His speech was uttered slowly, clearly, and distinctly, and is given here verbatim:—

"My name is James Milford; I am by profession an aeronaut—it is just possible that you may have heard of me. Last Friday—the day on which this sad occurrence happened—I made a private ascent from Chester. I intended to make a journey of a mile or two at most, but when I attempted to descend I found that the escape-valve had



"THE MISSING KNAPSACK!"

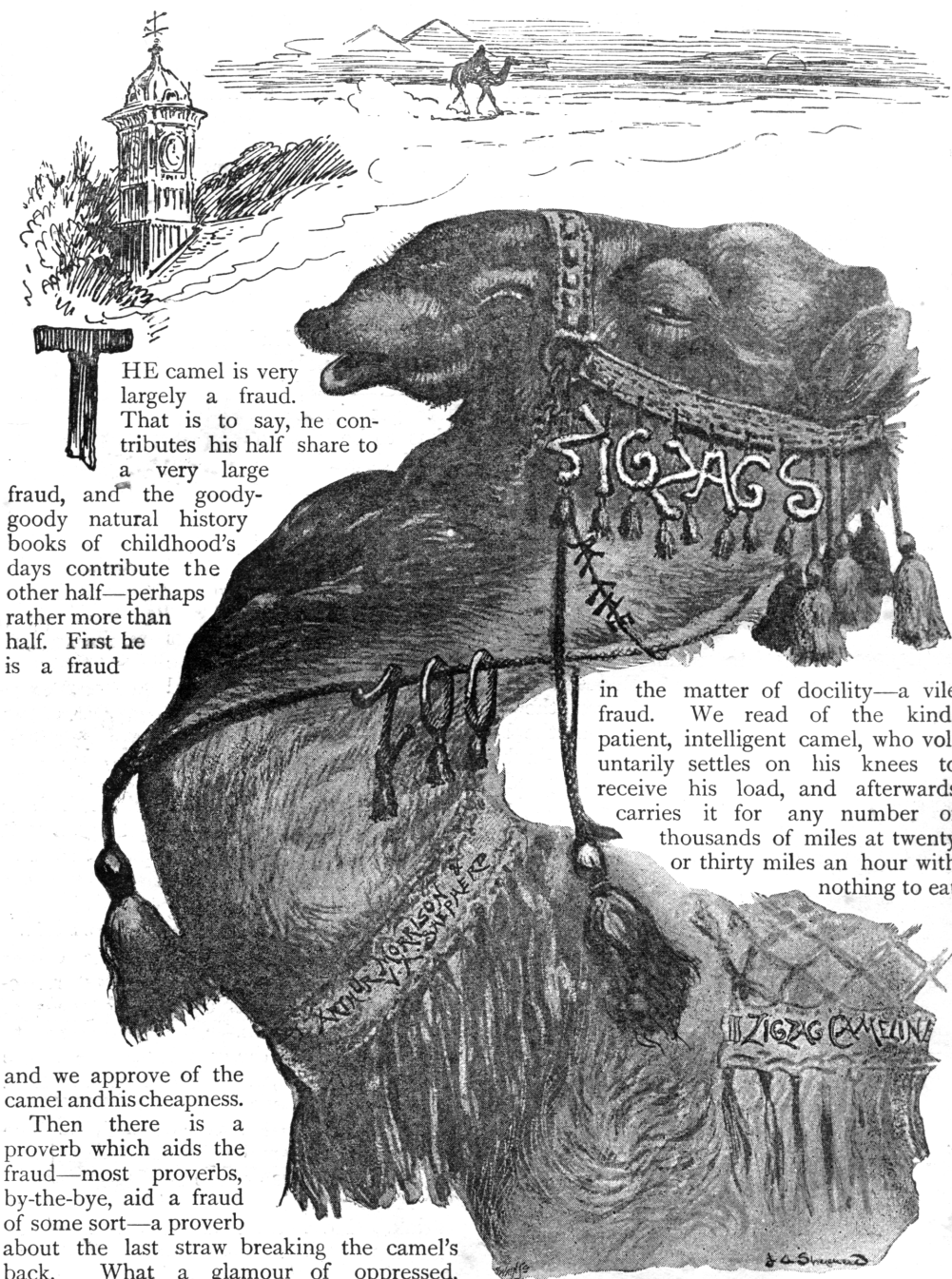
stuck fast, and all my efforts to open it were without avail. I must have spent an hour or more in the attempt, during which time I had been driving in a rising wind across North Wales. At last I desisted, and determined to extemporize a valve, as I had done once before, by cutting a small opening in the balloon and thrusting through it the neck of a beer-bottle, broken off, and with the cork still in it. By taking the cork in or out I was enabled to emit or check the flow of gas, and it was not long before I was near enough to the ground to throw out my grapnel. It dragged for some distance along the level summit of a cliff without finding anything to catch on; and finally dropped from the summit into a small bay formed by an indentation in the cliff. I could see the road which ran along the cliff, and a man on horseback riding on it. Almost at the same moment I was menaced by a sudden danger; I saw that I must rise at once at least a hundred feet in order to avoid a pinnacle which lay directly in my path. I thrust the cork into the bottle-neck and threw out every ounce of ballast I possessed, which was about two hundredweight. As I finished I heard a sudden and loud cry beneath me, and, looking downward, was horrified to see that my grapnel in its swing had struck

the rider in the back, and had caught firmly in his coat. The sudden rise of the balloon had taken place at the same instant, and had lifted the rider from the saddle, and then, his weight bringing the slant of the rope to the per-

pendicular, had dragged him several yards along the ground. Then, as the balloon rose, it lifted him clear off it, and it was at this moment that he uttered the cry which attracted my attention. I rushed to the cork and withdrew it; but the escape of gas was no compensation for the tremendous loss of ballast. In a few seconds the grapnel with its burden were above the cliff, which they had hardly cleared when the cloth in which the grapnel held suddenly gave way, and Mr.

Carboyne fell upon the level summit. The hook of the grapnel had, however, passed under the strap of his knapsack, which it lifted from his shoulders as he fell. I afterwards drew it up into the car, and now produce it. The balloon, released from his weight, shot upwards like an arrow, and in a few minutes he was lost to sight. Before this I could, however, distinctly see his friend searching for him in the roadway, and going towards the verge of the precipice, into which the handkerchief of the deceased had fluttered; it having fallen from him, as did his hat, before the coat gave way. As for me, it was many hours before I could descend, and when I did so I was taken by some peasants swooning from the car. They tended me with every care, but until last night I was too ill to make any attempt to travel. Now, I have come here with all speed, having heard of this inquiry, and knowing that I, and I only, can prevent suspicion from falling on the innocent."

The Coroner (turning to the jury): "Gentlemen, I said just now that this case was the most extraordinary that has ever occurred in my experience, and though Mr. Milford's statement has explained by perfectly natural causes every detail of the mystery, I am bound to say so still."



THE camel is very largely a fraud. That is to say, he contributes his half share to a very large fraud, and the goody-goody natural history books of childhood's days contribute the other half—perhaps rather more than half. First he is a fraud

in the matter of docility—a vile fraud. We read of the kind, patient, intelligent camel, who voluntarily settles on his knees to receive his load, and afterwards carries it for any number of thousands of miles at twenty or thirty miles an hour with nothing to eat

and we approve of the camel and his cheapness.

Then there is a proverb which aids the fraud—most proverbs, by-the-bye, aid a fraud of some sort—a proverb about the last straw breaking the camel's back. What a glamour of oppressed, uncomplaining patience that proverb sets about the camel!

You imagine the picturesque but inconsiderate Bedouin, having piled his faithful camel with everything he possesses.

looking about for something else to crown the structure. There are all his tents, blankets, trunks, bags, rugs, hat-boxes, umbrellas, and walking-sticks, with some grocery for Mrs. B. and a wooden horse from the Bagdad Arcade for the little B's. It seems a pity, having a camel, not to load it up enough, so he looks for something else, but can see nothing. Suddenly it strikes him that he has just used a straw to drink a gin-sling, and without for an instant considering what may be the result, he pops it on the top of the rest of the baggage. The patient, loving creature has barely time to give its master one pathetically reproachful look when its back goes with a bang.

Now, this may be the way of the Bedouin, but it isn't the way of the camel. He doesn't wait for the last straw—he won't have the first if he can help it. There's no living thing in the universe that he wouldn't like to bite or kick; and when he isn't engaged in active warfare with creation in general, he is sulking and planning it.

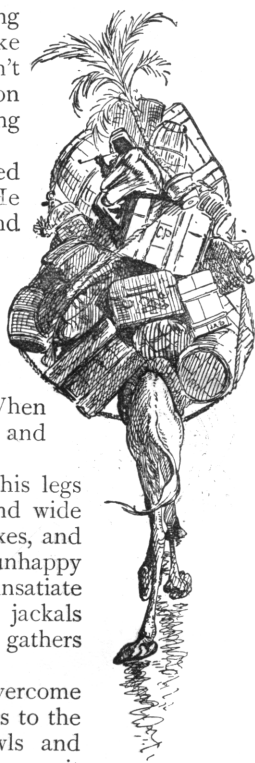
He equally resents being loaded or fed, or banged with a pole. He wants the world for himself, and finding he can't get it, sulks savagely. He has to be shoved forcibly to his knees and tied down by the neck and fore-legs before he is loaded, and while the operation is in progress he grunts and growls like a whole menagerie, and reaches about—he *can* reach—to masticate people. When he is loaded he won't get up—but he will grunt and bite.

When at last he is persuaded to stand upon his legs he devotes himself to rushing about and scattering his load far and wide—and biting. The unhappy Bedouin's household furniture, hat-boxes, and wooden horse are scattered all over the Syrian Desert, and the unhappy Bedouin himself is worse off than at the beginning; and still the insatiate creature bites. The Bedouin swears—in his own way—hopes that jackals may sit upon the grave of the camel's grandfather, and so forth—and gathers his belongings together preparatory to beginning afresh.

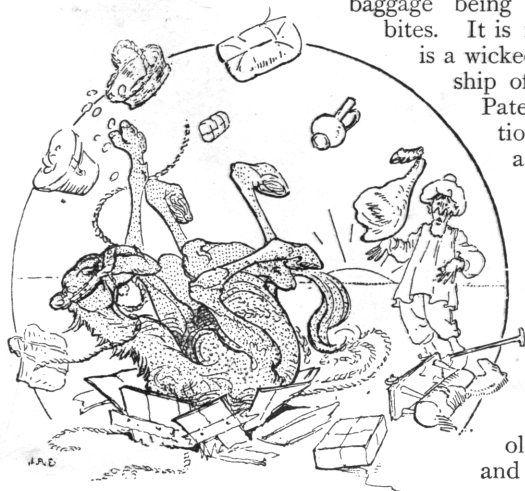
And then, after all this—and supposing that all troubles are overcome and the journey ends without mishap—that delightful camel objects to the baggage being taken off, and growls and bites. It is not mere poetic imagery, it is a wicked joke to call the camel the ship of the desert. To call it even the Carter

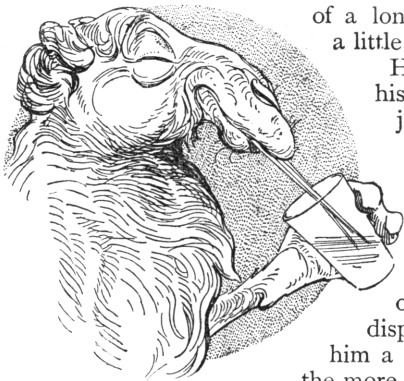
Paterson of the desert would be to cast reflections upon the business conscientiousness of a very respectable firm. One is disposed to be the harder on the camel because of the goody-book fraud, which is a double-barrelled fraud, telling wonderful stories of the camel's speed. As a matter of fact, the ordinary pack-camel, lightly loaded, is barely up to three miles an hour.

He is a provident beast in the matter of drink. He takes a very long drink when he can get it, and saves it, neatly stowed away, against the drought. As a camel gets older and more experienced, he lays by more and more water in this way, arriving in the course



CARTER PATERSON
OF THE DESERT.





A LONG DRINK.

of a long and thirsty life at five or six quarts. If he lived a little longer he would probably add whisky.

He is also provident in the matter of food. He feeds on his hump. I see an opportunity of dragging in a joke just here about a perpetually sulky man doing the same, but I refrain. I take the occasion to renounce and disclaim all intention of saying anything about the morose camel always having the hump, or of his contrary disposition giving him a greater hump the more he has to eat.

It is vulgar as well as old.

The only variation in the facial expression of the camel takes place when he eats. Ordinarily the camel wears an immutable, deceptive, stupid,

good-natured grin. This is a wise provision of Nature, leading people to trust and approach him, and giving him opportunities to gnaw their faces off with suddenness and

less difficulty; or guilelessly to manœuvre the victim near a wall, against which he can rub him and smash him flat.

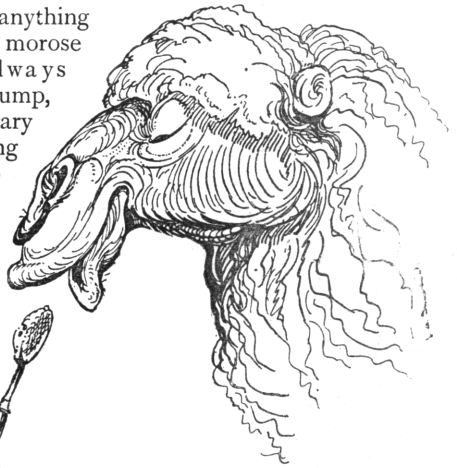
His feeding manners are vulgar, although superior to the tiger's. When he eats he uses his immense lips first as fingers to lift the desired dainty. Then he munches in a zig-zag, using alternately his right upper teeth on his left lower, and *vice versa*, and swinging his lips riotously. And he chucks up his nose, taking full advantage of his length of neck in swallowing.

Here at the Zoo probably the first of the camels to attract the visitors' attention was Bob the Bactrian, in his semi-detached villa under the clock.

Bob the Bactrian is a handsome old ruffian when his coat is in full bloom. He sheds twenty-four pounds of hair every year—

and a pound of camel-hair is a good deal. It is frightful to think of the miles of water-colour sketches which might be perpetrated with the brushes made from twenty-four pounds of camel-hair. Self the keeper has sufficient of it by him to weave enough cloth to clothe a regiment—and with good raiment.

I think Bob is a little vain of his fine beard and long hair. He poses about in picturesque attitudes when it is in good condition, and nothing short of a biscuit will make him disturb the curve of his neck. Bob is a military character—he came from Afghanistan—and carries out the part with great completeness.



FEEDING: MANNER THE FIRST.



SECOND.



FOURTH.



THIRD.

Offer Bob a biscuit, and, as he hangs his head over the railings in slobbering expectancy, he will "mark time" regularly with all four feet. Rose, the cross-bred Bactrian, lives next door to Bob, and there is something about the pair, and about their whole environment, that makes one think of them in the characters of an area belle and a fascinating guardsman; particularly as Bob is, I believe, a sort of cousin. The railing between them helps the illusion, just as the clock-tower above them gives a tone to Bob's military bearing—being dimly suggestive of the Horse Guards.

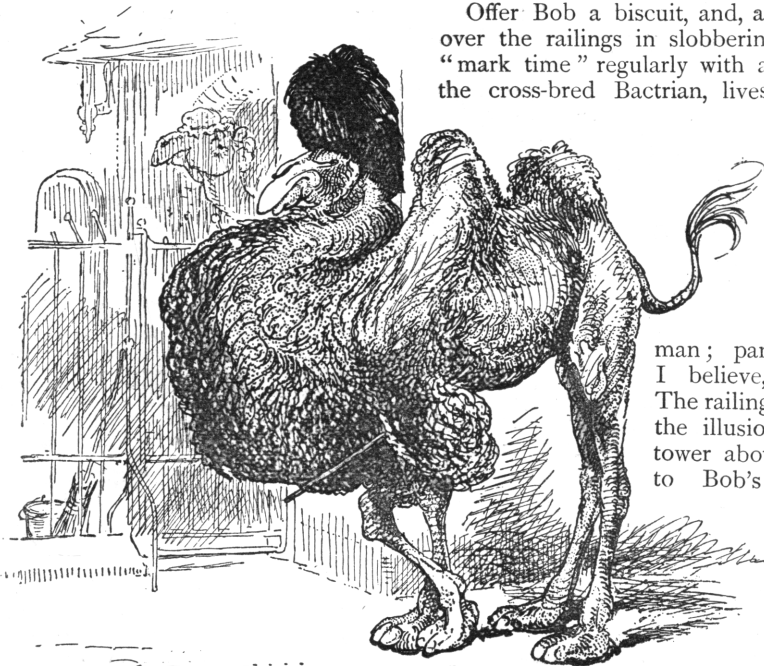
Between Bob in full bloom and Bob in a state of moult, there is a world of difference. A sorry,

ill-upholstered, scraggy shagbag is Bob in his periodical moult. All his beard—all his magnificent frills gone; a bare, mangy hide with a small patch here and there of

inadhesive hair is all his outward show. Poor Bob feels his out-elbows state keenly, and lies low. He hides all day in the innermost recesses of his state apartment under the clock, and only ventures forth when the gates of the Gardens are closed, or when Rose is asleep. Sometimes the presence of a piece of biscuit on the floor of his front garden will tempt him sorely for hours, till he ventures forth after it, first looking cautiously about from his door to make sure that he is unobserved.

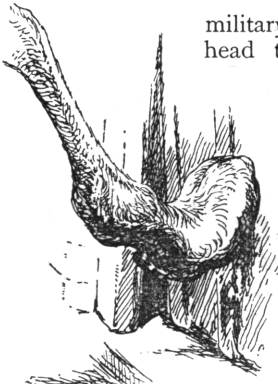
Neither his periodical seediness of appearance, however, nor anything else under the sun will prevent Bob demanding his meals. He keeps Self the keeper up to his work. If at any time it should occur to him that business in biscuits is becoming slack, or that another meal is due—neither a rare contingency—Bob walks to his back door and kicks with his fore-feet, like a rude boy. The keeper must come then, because Bob's foot never improves a door.

Among Bob's accoutrements a feared and detested place is held by a big leather muzzle, a thing its wearer regards with mingled feelings. He isn't altogether sorry when Self proceeds to buckle it on, because it means that a pleasant walk about the grounds is to ensue. But bitter, bitter, poor Bob's lot to walk among human hands teeming with many buns—buns shut out for ever by that thing of leather! He sees the elephants caressed and fed; Jingo and Jung Perchad amble good-humouredly about, swinging their trunks in affable freedom right and left, and collecting many a pleasant morsel; while he, the magnificent, the bearded, the



BOB THE BACTRIAN.

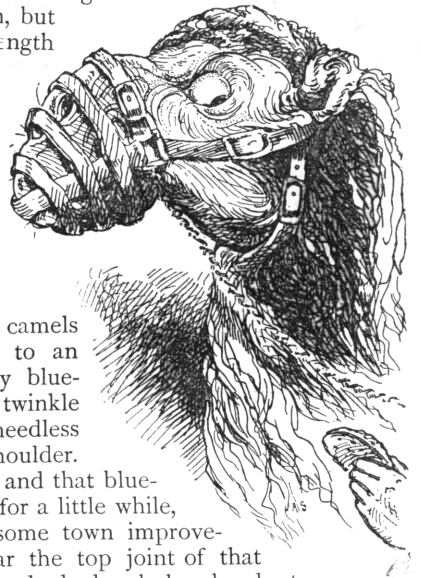




"MR. SELF IN?"

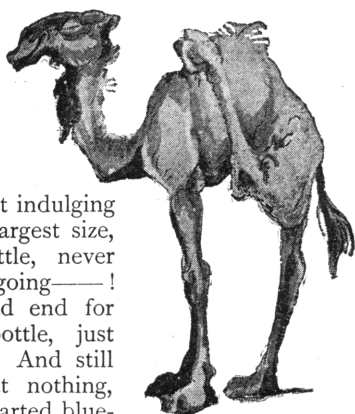
The local flies try a little annoyance now and again, but they have learned a great respect for a camel's length of reach. I remember a country bluebottle—a very raw and self-confident country bluebottle—who made a rash onslaught upon Rose without proper consideration. I knew this fly—I had met him once before, when he madly attempted to burgle a tin picnic box containing nothing.

I felt interested to observe how he would get on with Rose, knowing well that, without asking advice of any regular local bluebottle, he would assume her to be a mere scraggy town cow. This is just what he did. Rose stood, looking perfectly amiable—all camels look amiable; it is a part of their system—and, to an unaccustomed eye, quite unconscious of the country bluebottle's existence. Still, there was a certain optical twinkle which should have warned that bluebottle. But, heedless all, he rushed forward and made to settle on Rose's shoulder. With a nonchalant swing the near hind leg came up, and that bluebottle was brushed off his legs. He buzzed about for a little while, puzzled. This was quite a new motion in cow-legs—some town improvement, evidently. So he settled—at least he tried—near the top joint of that hind-leg, where the foot couldn't reach him. Rose looked calmly ahead at nothing, and moved no limb but the near fore-leg, which swung quietly back, and—that bluebottle was projected into space at the instant his feet were landing.



He gathered himself together, and sat on the roof of the stable to think it over. Meanwhile Rose stood at ease, without a further movement. The bluebottle considered the question strategically, and made up his mind that on the chest, just before the joints of the fore-legs, nothing could touch him. He tried it. But he only arrived on the spot simultaneously with a hind-foot, which swung neatly out between the fore-legs and drove that bluebottle into the surrounding atmosphere once more. And still Rose gazed amiably at nothing.

Losing his temper he made straight for her nose; but the nose never moved. The hind leg came up once more, however, and made the rout complete. Baffled and disgusted, the rash bluebottle flew off in a pet, over the rails dividing Rose from



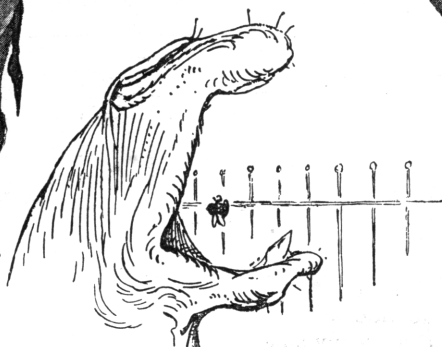
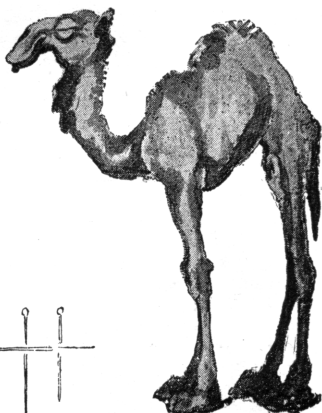
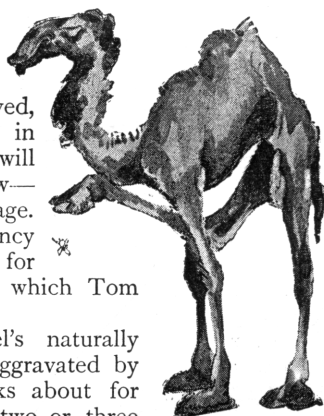
Bob. Now Bob was just indulging in a yawn of the very largest size, and that rash bluebottle, never looking where he was going——! Well, well, it was a sad end for a bright young bluebottle, just beginning to see life. And still Rose gazed amiably at nothing, standing just as that departed bluebottle first saw her.

But the aristocrat among the camels here is Tom, who is white, and a rarity. He was captured in an Egyptian fight, and was little more than half-

grown when he arrived, but has increased in seven years, and will grow no larger now—nor any more savage.

This latter contingency has been provided for by a neat little iron ring which Tom wears in his nose.

At the Zoo the camel's naturally unamiable temper is not aggravated by overloading; nobody looks about for that last straw after the two or three small boys have mounted. Wherefore these camels are as well behaved as camels can be. Tom doesn't playfully try to smash his keeper against the wall—at any rate, not quite

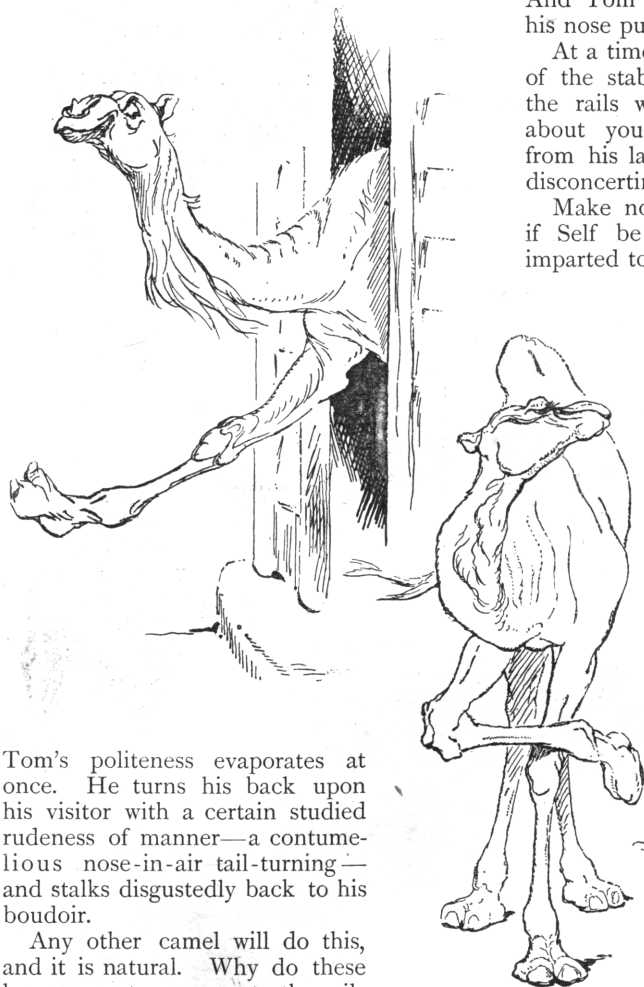


g. a. B. 1892

so often as he did at first—chiefly because of that piece of jewellery in his nose. That has made a very peaceable dromedary of Tom, for when he takes a walk the keeper snaps one end of a neat little piece of chain upon the ring, and keeps the other in his hand. And Tom will do anything rather than have his nose pulled.

At a time when Tom is in the seclusion of the stable—perhaps invisible—approach the rails with an air of having a biscuit about you. Promptly Tom will emerge from his lair, with a startling stride and a disconcerting reach of neck.

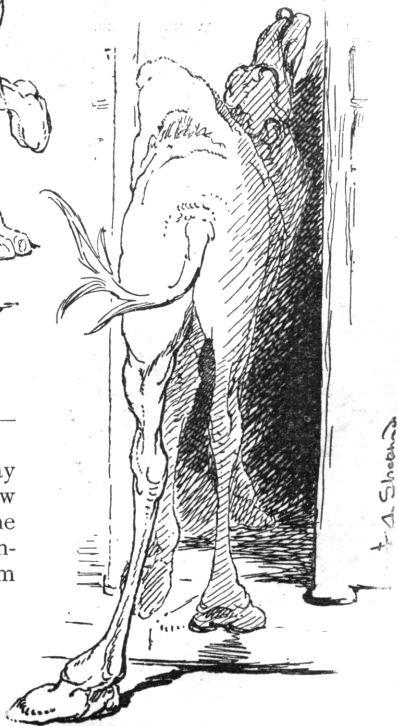
Make no further sign of biscuit. Then, if Self be by, you shall find that he has imparted to Tom a certain polish of manner surprising in a camel. Self will tell Tom to beg, and Tom will beg immediately; the supplication consisting in standing on three legs and throwing the right fore-foot negligently across the left knee. Thereat you probably give him a biscuit. But if you remain obdurate, or have come biscuitless,



Tom's politeness evaporates at once. He turns his back upon his visitor with a certain studied rudeness of manner—a contumelious nose-in-air tail-turning—and stalks disgustedly back to his boudoir.

Any other camel will do this, and it is natural. Why do these human creatures come to the rails unprovided with biscuits? What are they for? So the camel turns up his nose—and a camel *can* do this; watch him—and flounces away.

Now, I like Bob, and I like Rose, so far as one may like a camel; and I like Tom, so far as Tom will allow it. But that doesn't in the least reconcile me to the juvenile natural history book. You can't conscientiously look Bob or Tom in the face and call him a ship of the desert, or a ship of any kind. You might possibly manage to work up a small fit of sea-sickness if you rode a Heirie—the swiftest of the dromedaries—at his best pace; because at a pinch the Heirie can make ten miles an hour, shaking his unfortunate rider's joints loose, even though he be swathed in many swaddlings. But neither Bob nor Tom is a Heirie. Tom is a fairly quick dromedary, but Bob, if he will pardon my saying so, is only an ordinary



slow camel; nothing more than the "hairy scary oont" sung by Mr. Kipling. In Mr. Kipling's ballad Mr. Atkins is made to call the camel many things, but never a ship of the desert. Contrariwise,

—"the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said and done,
'E's a devil, an' a ostrich, an' a orphan child in one."

There you have the character of the camel in a dozen words.

Two attendants have the camels in the Zoo, Mr. Self and Mr. Toots. The former is the officially appointed keeper, with the regular badge and uniform. He has been master of the camels for more than forty years, and knows a family (human) infant representatives of which he has led round on camel-rides for three generations.

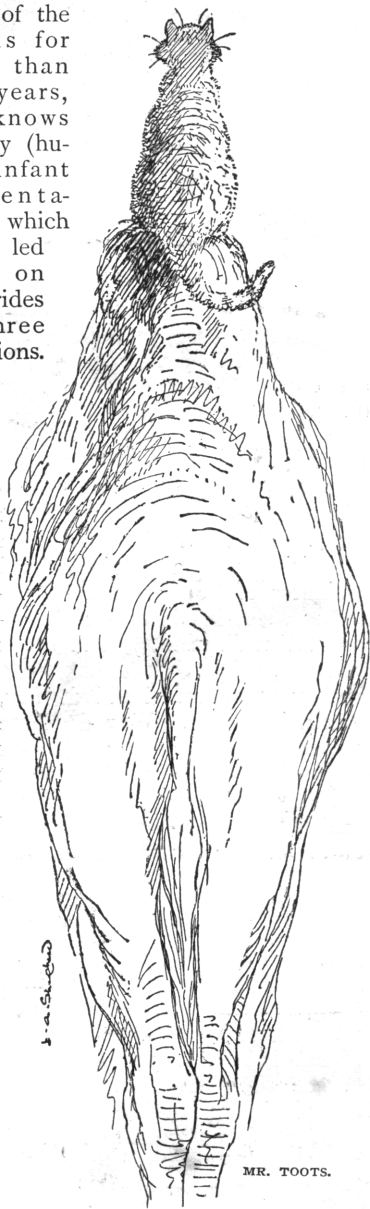


THE CAMEL KEEPER.

What Self
doesn't
know about
the little

fads and fancies of "the hairy scary oont" there is nobody to tell him. He is a wary and observant person, is Self. When a man has been forty years watching the affably-smiling camel, and looking out to avoid being suddenly jammed to death against a wall, or having his face bitten off and his feet viciously trodden on, wary observation begins to be natural with him.

Mr. Toots occupies quite a different position in life from Mr. Self, being a cat. Mr. Toots, as fits his name, is a quiet and reserved cat. Bob and Rose are quite friendly with Mr. Toots, and will, if possible, avoid stepping on him, which is an astonishing degree of amiability in a camel; but, of course, so far as Rose is concerned, she is an unusually amiable camel. Mr. Toots is a noticeable, carroty cat, and you can't deceive either Bob or Rose with a substitute. Once Mr. Toots was unwell, and a tabby was installed, as a temporary experiment, in his place. Bob was determined to suppress all spurious imitations, and the last worldly sensation of that unhappy tabby was conveyed through the medium of Bob's fantastic toe. Therefore Mr. Toots still maintains his monopoly, and may sit among Bob's or Rose's feet with confidence. Tom, however, doesn't know him, and won't. So that Mr. Toots, with the wisely accommodating spirit of his namesake, says—"Oh, it's of no consequence, thank you—no consequence at



MR. TOOTS.

all, I'm sure," and gets away from Tom to bask in the magnificent patronage of Bob the Bactrian and the lady next door.

Cantankerous and uncertain as is the character of the camel, there is a deal of human nature about him.

When he has packed into his character all the possible devil, and ostrich, and orphan, there is still room for much human cussedness, and it is there.

You shall see it even in his very face. There is a world of expression in a camel's face, misleading often to a stranger, but with a human deceit.

The face lends itself particularly to varied and strongly marked expression. The nostrils



will open and close with a great flexibility, and the lips and eyebrows are more loose and mobile still. What more machinery may the camel want for the facial expression of his ill qualities? With such a lip and nose he can sneer as never can human thing; this at the humble person who brings him no biscuit. He can guffaw coarsely—and with no sound beyond a rare grunt. Furious malice is native to his face, and a self-sufficient conceit and superciliousness comes with full feeding. Even in his least expressive slumber the camel is smugly complacent, although his inborn genius cannot teach him that a piece of cardboard is not a biscuit.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

III.—THE BLACK HORSEMEN OF NISHA, THE SEER.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.

LT looks as if the grass had been set on fire," responded Denviers, in answer to a remark of mine, when I called his attention to a long, parched tract which formed a striking contrast to the rich verdure around it.

"Very likely that is the reason," I assented; "still, it seems strange that the rest of it should have escaped."

"The Englishman speaks truth," interposed Hassan, "the cause of what we see is far stranger indeed than those who have not travelled hither before would be inclined to suppose."

"I have not the slightest doubt but what Hassan has some mysterious and wholly imaginary explanation of it to offer," said Denviers to me in a low tone, then turning to the Arab, he asked:—

"Well, Hassan, can you enlighten us on the matter? What do the people of Khorrassan conjecture about it?"

"It is no idle rumour, sahib, which is told concerning this scorched tract," answered our guide, "for they who have been the cause of it are surely the scourges of the plain through which we are passing, for tears and lamentation in despoiled households do they leave behind them, in obedience to the commands of Nisha, the Seer. But you are wearied with the long journey through the desert of sand and need the repose which the tent affords. At some other time I will explain the cause of this strange tract, even when we are safe in the lovely city of Meshed, or wander amid the plashing fountains and clustering roses of Nishapoor."

"Which is another way of saying that you prefer to tell us the cause when we shall be unable to test its truth, I suppose," interposed Denviers. The Arab shook his head gravely in sign of dissent.

"Allah forbid!" he exclaimed. "If you think that is my motive you wrong me indeed, since my only desire is to keep you from the danger which falls upon those who follow the black horsemen; for the parched tract which you see here, just where the desert gives place to the emerald verdure, has been made by the trampling of the hoofs of Nisha's phantom horses."

"Then, Hassan," said Denviers, quietly, "I think we will pitch our tent yonder," and he pointed to where a grove of majestic wal-



"I THINK WE WILL PITCH OUR TENT YONDER."

nut trees stood out against the grey sky; "the night is fast closing in upon us, and I suppose that spectres, even in Persia, wander abroad in the still small hours, much as they do in other countries."

"Jest not, sahib," said Hassan, in the grave tone which he usually assumed when moved by the recollection of some Eastern tradition; "if you care to hear the story I will narrate it to you, but, by the beard of the Prophet, blame not Hassan if evil befall the English-

men afterwards, for it is a true saying in the land of Khorassan that by his horsemen the Seer has lured many a brave man on to destruction."

"Pitch the tent, Hassan," said Denviers, impatiently, and as he spoke he dismounted from his steed and led it by the bridle towards the spot which he had pointed out to the Arab. A few minutes were sufficient for our horses to be securely hobbled, and as they leisurely cropped the grass before the front of the tent, we assumed a recumbent position while Hassan began his improbable story.

"In the days when the Nasranee were the ruling people of Persia," said the Arab, "Nisha, the Seer, was a mighty power in the land ruled by On, the descendant of the Sun. He it was who discovered a secret potion by which he gave renewed life to On. So much did the monarch honour Nisha that the latter's name became famous through all the spreading lands, which extended from fair Chaldea to the silvery islands that float like crystal stars in the Eastern seas, wherein even now the descendants of the Shintos dwell."

"But these horses, Hassan," interposed Denviers, "what had On to do with them?"

"Patience, sahib," responded Hassan.

"To Nisha, the Seer, came many wise men of the East, sent by the monarchs who ruled the lands far and near, for they feared On and would fain drink of this potion. But Nisha, faithful to On, loyally kept the secret, and was rewarded by the favours of his royal master.

"To On were born many sons, none of whom could hope to obtain sway over the land, since their parent was apparently rendered immortal. Among them was one who was proud and scornful, and wished to possess his father's throne, so he sought, but in vain, to win Nisha over to his cause. He knew that once each year the Seer prepared the potion in a crystal goblet, and that when the exact hour arrived On drank of it, and so there was added another year to his span of life. It fretted the son's proud heart to think that one day he would lie cold and passionless in the tomb while his father should still live on and reign over the land where diamonds and emeralds are the gems which adorn a sceptre.

"About him this son gathered a great following of youths as reckless and impetuous as himself, and together they formed a plot by which their leader might obtain the throne which he coveted. When the stated day

arrived, On sought the abode of the Seer, and entered the tower wherefrom the stars could be seen, and where Nisha nightly increased his lore. As the monarch passed up the winding stairway a sound smote upon his ears. He halted for a moment and looked uneasily around, but nothing could be seen, for the alarmed conspirators hastily hid themselves behind the projecting angle of a mighty pillar. As soon as On had thrown himself upon some cushions to rest in the star-lit chamber of the Seer until the appointed moment came when he was to drink the potion, the youths stole softly behind the heavy tapestry, and noiselessly making slits in it with the points of their daggers, watched the monarch and his subject. Nisha gazed at the stars in silence for hours, then at last he moved to a strangely-carved idol, and touching it, a hollow was revealed from which he drew forth the crystal goblet. Pouring into it a colourless fluid, he next threw into it what appeared to be a ruby, and as a faint sweet fragrance, like that of a blossoming almond vale, seemed to perfume the apartment, he placed the goblet in the hand which the monarch eagerly extended to grasp it.

"The draught was at the lips of On when out sprang those who had been concealed by the hangings. In a moment the crystal goblet was dashed violently from the monarch's hand, and, falling to the ground, shattered into a thousand pieces! Among the conspirators, the frenzied On seemed to rest his eyes upon one alone—his own son! With a wild cry of anguish he covered his face with his hands and fell dead upon the marble floor! So the son of On obtained the throne and tried to make the Seer his friend, but the latter resolutely shunned the advances of the haughty ruler, and shut himself up in the tomb of On, into which few indeed dared to follow him. At last this monarch in turn grew old, and determined to wrest the secret from Nisha, but upon the band of horsemen sent to capture him and to carry him a prisoner to the monarch's palace, Nisha laid a potent spell which bound them motionless until the time when he had need of them. Thus the son perished when old age seized him, Nisha living to enjoy the tidings of the monarch's death. Then, it is said, he began to take vengeance upon the people who had supported the hated one's cause, for he had heard that they said On had lived so long that he grew hateful to them, and their changeful hearts longed for a new ruler. Through all the years which have



"WITH A WILD CRY OF ANGUISH HE COVERED HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS."

passed Nisha still has lived, and his vengeance is not yet complete. The wayfarers who cross these plains at night have indeed had reason to lament the terrible crime of the son of On and the exaction of its requitement. Upon them suddenly steals a band of horsemen who snatch up the incautious wanderers and bear them away shrieking at their doom, for they are rarely again seen alive by mortal men. The people of Khorassan declare that they are gathered round the dead body of On in an enchanted crowd, and hold up their living yet lifeless hands in vain supplication to Nisha, who stalks among them a strange semblance of humanity. Distorted with age, his long, shrivelled arms reach to his feet as he holds the captives motionless with the glare of his red, bird-like eyes."

"A most interesting story, Hassan," said Denviers, when the Arab had finished; "and you really believe that Nisha has lived since the time when the Chaldeans studied the stars from the top of Babel's uncompleted tower?" and he whistled irreverently.

"The mind of man is a well unfathomed, none know its depths," responded Hassan. "If Allah and the Prophet will it so, why should not Nisha become immortal?"

"Well, Hassan," I interposed, "I must confess that I should like to see both the horsemen and the tomb before accepting your story as true."

The Arab looked gravely at us as we reclined upon the cushions of our tents.

"Rest now," he answered, "and your guide will watch at the door of the tent. If the band of riders should chance to-night to cross the path yonder, I will surely awake you that your eyes may rest upon them."

II.

WORN out with the days of long, dreary riding which we had endured in our journey from Demavend to Khorassan, we had sunk into a profound sleep, when Hassan entered the tent and hastily aroused us.

"See for yourselves, sahibs!" he exclaimed, "the band is returning to Nisha, and bearing away some shrieking captive!" We sprang to the door of the tent and looked out. The sky was growing overcast with clouds, through which at fitful intervals the light of the moon struggled and lit up the scene around. A breeze sprang up for a few minutes, and as the clouds scudded before it, there was revealed to us a strange spectacle.



"THEY FLEW ALONG LIKE THE WIND."

A band of scantily-attired horsemen bestrode about twenty black steeds, while across the front of one of their number was thrown the writhing body of a man whose cries were expressive of the utmost terror. As the horsemen moved at a somewhat swift pace, we noticed that a sound was made by the hoofs of the horses, although their riders sat in their saddles as motionless as the dead. One strange circumstance was noticeable, which was that the horsemen were apparently of a different race to the man whom they were carrying off; indeed, they resembled the natives of Africa in colour so far as we could make out when the moonlight streamed down upon them.

"Hassan is certainly mistaken in supposing that these horsemen are spectres, or their steeds either," said Denviers, "the hoofs of the horses make too much noise for us to accept that theory." Then, turning to the Arab, he exclaimed:—

"The horses, Hassan, quick! for your life!" It took scarcely a minute to unhobble them and for Denviers and I to mount our sturdy Afghans, yet the distance between us and the retreating band had increased considerably. Without waiting for saddles we flung ourselves upon the animals and set off at a breakneck speed. The black horsemen soon appeared to become aware of our pursuit of them, for they quickened their pace considerably, and as they did so the captive, hearing the heavy thud of our horses' hoofs striking the ground behind, redoubled his struggles and cries for help.

On we went, faster and still faster! Flinging the reins from our hands, we leant forward and clasped the necks of our horses, as they flew along like the wind. The clouds above us grew more compact and lowering, and for a few minutes the only guide which led us on in our mad career was the mournful, appealing cry which came from the captive.

"How much longer can we keep up such a pace as this?" I gasped out, as Denviers seemed to be leading a little, while my own steed was beginning to show signs of exhaustion.

"Can't say," he answered laconically, "we started to save this man, and the horses can have no respite till that is accomplished." His words inspired me with new confidence, and I urged on my horse with all the expressions which I had heard Hassan use when coaxing it. The rumble of thunder, followed by a few very heavy drops of rain, convinced us both that to our other perils would be added the discomfort of riding half clothed and with our heads uncovered through a storm the severity of which, at that time of the year, we knew from experience would be considerable, although it would possibly be of short duration. The rain now began to descend in torrents, the effect upon our horses being happily to refresh their flagging energies, for they seemed to dash onward faster than ever. The man's cries were borne louder upon our ears, and we knew that we were drawing nearer to him, so that the prospect of rescuing him seemed to us more hopeful.

Suddenly the storm broke. From across the mountain peaks darted a vivid flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, which made our frightened horses gallop forward entirely beyond our control. On we went, till suddenly, to our horror, another blinding flash revealed that before us was a chasm stretching as far as the eye could reach.

With all our might we struggled to restrain the horses, but in vain. Over the side of the chasm apparently those whom we were pursuing went; there was another wild shriek from the captive, and the next moment our horses, recognising the danger when too late, reared almost perpendicularly, then fell headlong down the abyss!

I closed my eyes and felt a strange choking in my throat as we went sheer down, and the horse quivered in terror beneath me. A sensation of drowning appeared to ensue, then the air seemed to fan my cheeks, and wonderingly I opened my eyes again and looked around for my companion. We had fallen into a deep ravine, through which swept a wide mountain torrent, and the horses were now swimming rapidly with the fierce current.

"What an escape!" I called out to Denviers, as I saw him still clinging to his horse.

"I don't know that we have much to be elated about," he answered, "the sides of the ravine are almost perpendicular, apparently; to climb them is impossible, and it is quite likely that the current may bear us away into some greater danger."

Again the cry of the peasant sounded upon our ears—this time beyond the seething waters.

"Keep with the stream," Denviers exclaimed, "he has evidently been carried down

that way. After such an effort as this we shall surely rescue him!"

"Don't you think that this torrent is becoming more rapid?" I asked, as my horse breasted the waters and carried me close to Denviers's side. He looked at the current steadily, then replied:—

"I am inclined to think that it is; watch carefully, and, if you see anything to cling to, make for it, and I will turn my horse's head that way and try to follow you."

I was now leading the way by a few yards, and soon found that my fears were well grounded, for the stream began to sweep along at an alarming rate, while in the distance a roar as of waters confined to narrow limits seemed to indicate that

further danger lay ahead. We knew that an attempt to return would be useless, and on looking up observed that the sides of the chasm now met in a vaulted roof of a reddish colour, through which a light seemed occasionally to steal, from which we concluded that the storm was over, and that the moon was shining forth once more.

The noise of the waters now became almost deafening, and we could descry that ahead of

us was a narrow passage scarcely large enough for a man to pass through, for rocks seemed to rise like buttresses on either side of it. I pointed to the narrow defile, and asked my companion:—

"Do you think that we can get through that on horseback?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, "and, considering the splendid way in which our



"HEADLONG DOWN THE ABYSS."

horses have behaved, I think we ought to give them an equal chance with ourselves." As he spoke, Denviers unclasped his arms, which had hitherto been round his horse's neck, and a moment afterwards was swimming with a grand stroke amid the waters. I raised myself from my own horse, and, plunging into the stream, followed my companion, who was within a few yards of the rocks on either side.

"Grasp the buttress on the left," he called out to me; "I will hold on to the other." I drew a deep breath, and waited for the torrent to hurl me forward. One slip, and I knew that a moment afterwards my body would be sucked into the seething gulf in front, and then all would be over. My hands clasped the buttress firmly, and, steadying myself for a moment, I drew my body slowly out of the water. When I had climbed up hand over hand in this way for several yards, I saw Denviers was already leaning over from what appeared to me to be a huge stone lattice. He stretched out his hands, and, seizing me, dragged me half senseless and exhausted behind it. Resting there until the strain of the efforts which I had made seemed to become less oppressive, I began to observe, in the dim light, the shape of the bases of the pillar which rose from the stone platform on which we were. I traced out the representations of two gigantic feet, just as Denviers looked upwards and exclaimed suddenly:—

"Look at the shape of this support, which reaches to the arched top of the chasm! Surely it is some monstrous idol!" We drew close to the lattice work and, standing with our backs to the latter, found ourselves facing an enormous idol, which we subsequently discovered was the grim guardian of one of the entrances to the tomb of On.

Its repulsive-looking head, adorned with enormous ears, was of a type similar to that of the Nubian race, and was bare of covering. Across its swarthy breast passed a carved band which interlaced a garment bound at the waist by a belt which supported the representation of a loosely-hanging garb reaching to the knees. In one of its giant hands it held a curved sword, while the other was raised to grasp a serpent which twisted in mazy coils about the idol's body.

"The entrance to the tomb of On, without doubt," said Denviers. "I wonder if we shall ever get out of it again!" We moved past the enormous image and found ourselves facing a massive stone door, which yielded readily as we pressed upon it, and

then a moment afterwards we saw before us a wonderful natural hollow apparently in the heart of the mountain, for we were in the tomb of On!

III.

JAGGED and red, from the sides and roof of this gigantic tomb huge boulders protruded, while, lying stretched upon a low bier, was the body of the dead On, apparently embalmed, and conspicuous among the others round it by its length; for the dead king must have been much beyond the stature of the present race of men. A look of infinite despair was upon his face; the hands of the monarch were joined upon his breast, while in them was clasped the handle of a massive sword, the blade of which rested upon his silent form. Peering cautiously out from the position which we had taken behind one of the many boulders which strewed the floor at intervals, we soon discovered the real use to which the tomb was put. Close beside the entrance through which we had come was another, through which the moonlight streamed into the tomb, and apparently led in a direction the same as the ravine into which we had leapt. From this we conjectured that, had we ridden a little further up, we might have succeeded in turning our horses' heads into the entrance of it, and so have avoided the peril in which we had been placed. The man's cry had not come to us from in front, as we had thought when breasting the waters, but from this second entry to the tomb. Looking down the entrance we saw several of the horses behind which we had ridden haltered by a rope to some projecting fastenings in the rocky wall.

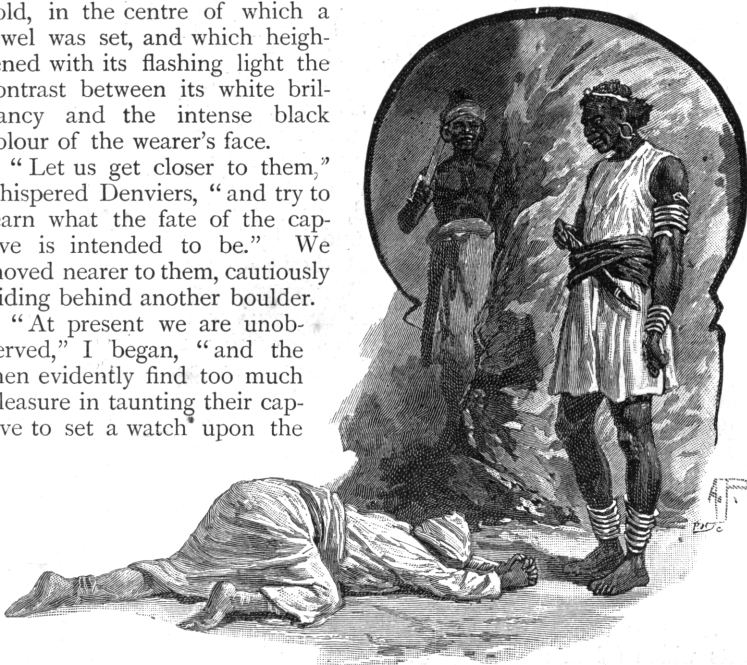
The tomb itself was no mere charnel house despite the many bodies which we saw ranging through it. By the side of the dead On we observed the form of one who must have died of extreme age, and from the description which Hassan had given us, we judged that this was the body of the Seer whom the credulous people of Khorassan believed to be still alive.

The real ruler of the tomb was a negro much like the riders whom we had seen and tracked over the plain. From the throng of men which surrounded him and were evidently narrating the capture of the victim who stood among them, we easily distinguished this leader from the abundance of the jewelry which he wore. His limbs were scantily clothed, but his arms and ankles were heavily bound with bracelets, while round his thickly matted hair where it reached his retreating

forehead was a single hoop of gold, in the centre of which a jewel was set, and which heightened with its flashing light the contrast between its white brilliancy and the intense black colour of the wearer's face.

"Let us get closer to them," whispered Denviers, "and try to learn what the fate of the captive is intended to be." We moved nearer to them, cautiously hiding behind another boulder.

"At present we are unobserved," I began, "and the men evidently find too much pleasure in taunting their captive to set a watch upon the



"SPARE ME."

tomb." As if the hideous negro wished to contradict my words, a shrill scream of laughter rang through the tomb; then a voice exclaimed:—

"Come nearer, thou enemy of On, the mighty one, come, that thou mayest join in the number that are doomed to appease his Great Shade." We saw the captive fling himself wildly at the feet of this strange being as he cried:—

"Spare me, and I will worship at the tomb of On until the sands of my life are run out!" The negro uttered an appalling laugh of derision as he answered:—

"Art thou not of the plain of Khorassan, over which pass many whose wealth makes the eyes of my slaves glad when they look upon it?"

"Frank," I whispered, "this is a band of marauders who have migrated to this tomb, and who rob the people around with impunity because the credulous people think they are not mortals."

"Exactly what I thought when Hassan told us about them, but listen to the questions which they are putting to this captive," he replied. We ceased our conversation and heard the captured one reply:—

"I swear by the Koran I am poor; I could not pay one-tenth of such a sum!"

"Then there is for thee no escape," answered the black ruler, "surely thou shalt die!" He made some movement with his hand, in response to which the men around attempted to seize their captive. The latter turned and made a sudden attempt to escape. He had darted past the boulder behind which we had hidden, when the foremost of the slaves reached him. Just as he did so Denviers wrenched the sword from the hands of the dead On, near to which we had stealthily crept, and thrust himself between the captive and his pursuers.

"Back!" he cried, "lay but a hand upon him and all the magic of the East shall not save the one who does so from the fate which he deserves."

The men stopped for a moment, astonished at our sudden appearance, and then, as we heard the captive retreating down the tomb to the second entrance, we turned and followed him. In a moment we had flung ourselves each upon one of the horses that stood there, and slashed hastily through the halters which held them, and then, as the captive led the way, we dashed wildly through the ravine closely followed by some of the horsemen. It was a race for life that we long afterwards remembered, but, as we urged on our horses, we found that our pursuers were dropping behind, and looking back we saw them in a discomfited crowd watching us with surprise as we galloped over the plain after passing through the ravine. We stopped at last, and while the captive insisted on riding home on the horse which he had so strangely acquired, we dismounted, and turning the animals in the direction whence they had come, saw them rush riderless back towards the tomb.

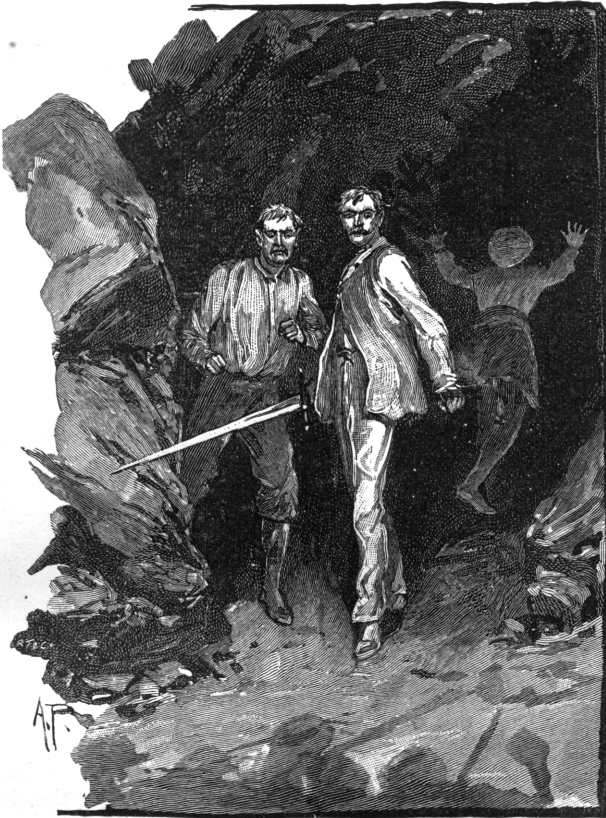
The peasant, poor fellow, was full of gratitude to us for rescuing him, and called on Allah to reward us. We parted with him some

distance after we emerged upon a green and level plain, and having scanned it narrowly, my companion pointed towards the East, exclaiming as he did so:—

"If I am not mistaken, Harold, yonder are the trees under which we pitched our tent."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw the majestic grove of walnut trees which we had left when we set out to follow the black horsemen. Hassan, who was within the tent, came out as he heard footsteps approaching:—

"The Sahibs have lost their horses?" he said, in his grave inquiring tone, "and have been absent from the tent for many hours, which brought much anxiety



"BACK!" HE CRIED.

to their faithful slave."

"Well, Hassan, as that is the case," said Denviers lightly, "you will have the pleasure of purchasing two more for us."

"The lightest word of the Sahib is as a law unto Hassan," responded the Arab.

"No doubt!" said Denviers, then turning to me he added:—

"And I dare say he will make a tolerably good bargain, for our faithful guide doesn't usually forget himself on such occasions!"

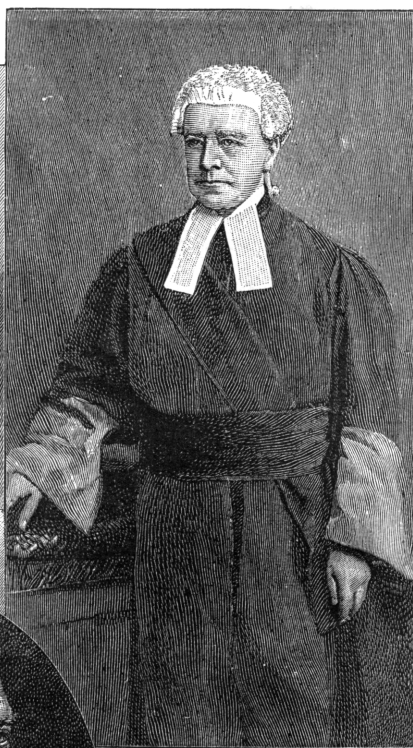
Indeed, the amount of backsheesh which our grave Arablevied before the day

was over from a village horsedealer of Sul-tanabad was a convincing testimony to the truth of Frank's remark.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 36.
From a Photo. by
Maull & Co.



AGE 45.
From a Photo. by
Whitlock,
Birmingham.



AGE 50.
From a Photo. by
Watkins & Haigh.

Judge of the High Court of Justice in the Queen's Bench Division at sixty, the age at which the fourth of our portraits represents him.



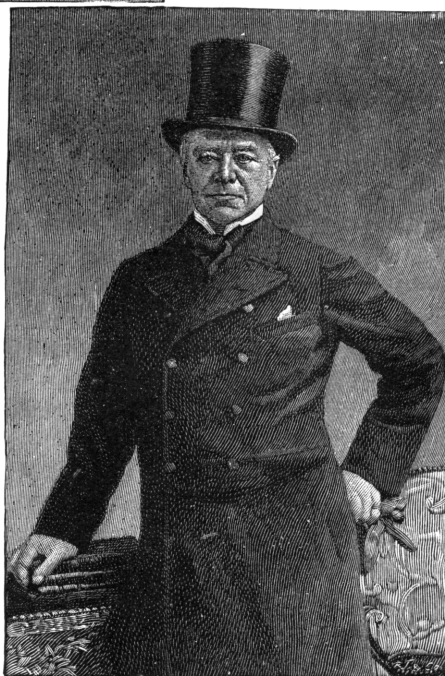
From a Photo. by] AGE 60. [Lock & Whitefield.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

BORN 1816.



HE HON. SIR HENRY HAWKINS is a son of Mr. J. H. Hawkins, solicitor, and was born at Hitchin. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple at the age of twenty-seven, becoming a Q.C. at forty-two. He enjoyed one of the largest practices ever known, his power of cross-examining witnesses and of addressing the jury being unrivalled. He was engaged in the prosecution of the Claimant in the memorable Tichborne Trial. He was appointed



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry



From a] AGE 6 [Painting

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

BORN 1847.



HIS inimitably funny actor and entertainer was the son of a humorous lecturer, and, after being educated at the North London Collegiate School, commenced life as a reporter at Bow Street, at which occupation he continued till he was

thirty, becoming well known as an amateur actor and comic singer of great promise. In 1877 he made his *début* on the London stage as *John Wellington Wells* in "The Sorcerer," and afterwards played in all the Gilbert-Sullivan operas until 1889. Since that time he has chiefly restricted himself to entertain-



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Thrupp, Birmingham.

ments, writing many of the bright sketches in which he appears. His latest production is the music of "Haste to the Wedding" at the Criterion.



From a Photo. by] AGE 12. [Poulton, Strand.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Alfred Ellis.

FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
BORN 1853.



R. FRANK
DICKSEE is
the son of Mr.
Thomas Francis
Dick

see, the artist, from
whom he received

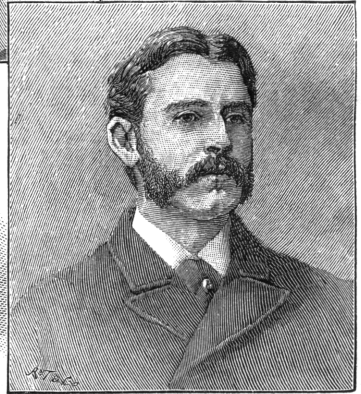


he exhibited his well-known picture, entitled "Harmony," which has attained such wide-spread popularity as an etching. At the age of twenty-eight he was elected an A.R.A.; his promotion to the rank



From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [The London Stereo. Co.

AGE 10.
From a Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [Debenham, London.

his first instruction in art. At the age of seventeen he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and two years later gained a silver medal for a drawing from the antique. At twenty-five he obtained a gold medal for an historical painting, "Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard," and in the following year exhibited the picture. At that time he also worked at drawings for book illustrations, and made some designs for stained glass. Mr. Dicksee was only twenty-four when



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Ball, Waterloo Place, S.W.

of Royal Academician took place a few months ago. Among the best known of Mr. Dicksee's pictures may be mentioned "Evangeline," (1879), "The Love Story" (1883), "Romeo and Juliet" (1884), "Memories" (1886), "The Passing of Arthur" (1889), "The Redemption of Tannhäuser" (1890), to which may now be added "Startled," exhibited in the Royal Academy of the present year as his diploma work, on his election as an Academician.



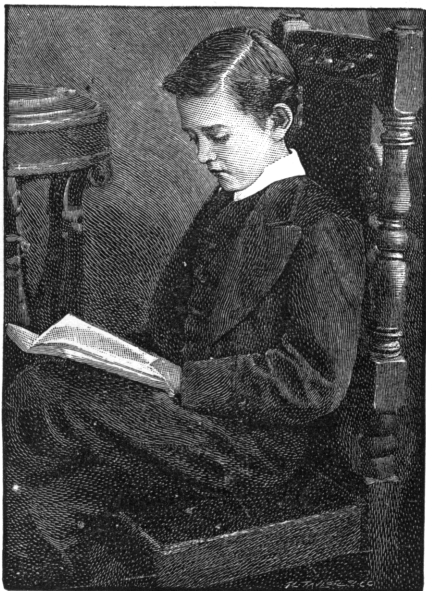
From a Photo. by] AGE 3. [Hills & Saunders, Eton.

CHARLES H. HAWTREY.

BORN 1858.



R. CHARLES HENRY HAWTREY, author, actor, and manager, is the fifth son of the Rev. J. W. Hawtrey, and was born at Eton, where his father was an assistant



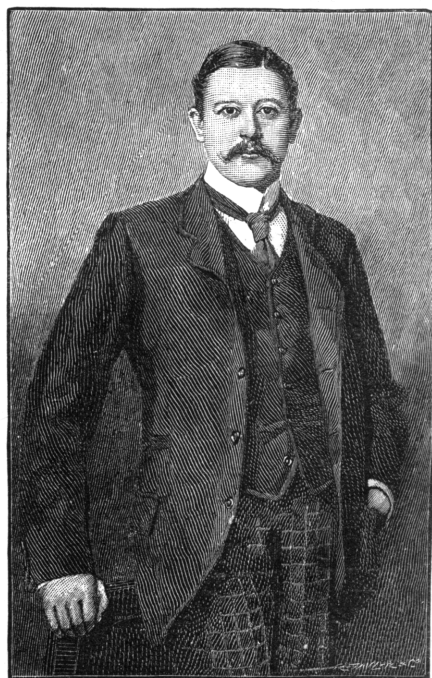
From a Photo. by] AGE 10. [Hills & Saunders, Eton.

master, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. At the age of twenty-three he went on the stage in "The Colonel," and three years later wrote the phenomenally-successful play, "The



From a Photo. by] AGE 13. [Runicle & Son, Eton.

Private Secretary," which was performed no fewer than 844 times consecutively, and which has lately been revived with fresh success.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Bassano.

Since that time Mr. Hawtrey has produced several plays, of which the most successful, "Jane," had a very long run,

take her place as an actress of the greatest charm and promise. Her impersonation of *Marguerite* and *Olivia* at the Lyceum during Ellen Terry's indisposition received the



From a] AGE 13. [Photograph.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

WHEN WINIFRED MAUD EMERY, now Mrs. Cyril Maude, was born at Manchester, her father being Mr. Samuel Emery, the well-known comedian. Miss Emery appeared in public at the age of eight, as *The Child*, in "Green Bushes," at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. Some time after this she was sent to school for several



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by
Bassano.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Deneulain and Blake.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Alfred Ellis.

years, and did not return to the stage until she was sixteen, when she began at once to

warmest praise. Her latest success has been in the part of *Lady Windermere*.

SIR EVELYN WOOD,
G.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C.

BORN 1838.



GENERAL
SIR HENRY
EVELYN
WOOD, the
son of the late

Rev. John Page Wood,
was educated at Marl-
borough, and served with
distinction in the Naval
Brigade during the
Crimean War, but in
1855 he joined the Light



From a]

AGE 2.

[Chalk Drawing.

the Ashantee Campaign,
and led the advance to
the river Prah. For his
services at the capture of
Coomassie he was made a
C.B. In the Zulu War
of 1879 he led the flying
column on Cetewayo's
Kraal, and played a bril-
liant part in the battle of
Ulundi. In the Boer
War of 1881 he became
Commander-in-chief at
the disaster of Majuba
Hill, and was also com-
mander of the Army of



AGE 18.
From a Painting.



AGE 26.
From a Photograph.

Dragoons as ensign, served through the Indian
Mutiny, when he gained the Victoria Cross for
conspicuous bravery. In 1873 he took part in

Occupation in Egypt the year following.
Such is the briefest possible summary of an
exceptionally brilliant career.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 46.

[Maull & Fox.



From a]

PRESENT DAY.

[Photograph.

His Little Girl; or, Worked Out.

BY PLEYDELL NORTH.

Author of *Monsieur le Curé*; and other Tales.



THE heart of an English valley ; a stretch of green slope, where oaks and elms had grown through slow centuries into grandeur ; and through the fields, like an arrow of silver, the clear waters of the Lean.

Down by its banks a young girl, wandering alone ; singing as she went, her white gown shining in the sunlight.

What was her song, I know not. Possibly it was the effort of a very young and sympathetic nature, seeking some faint expression for a sense of joy and beauty instinctively felt.



"A SOLITARY ANGLER."

She thought she was alone ; but presently above the high reeds she saw the head and shoulders of a solitary angler. Then she stopped singing and went on cautiously.

This young lady's chaperon was sitting up among the elms sketching. She had warned her charge not to wander too far away, and of the possibility of encountering strangers ; some of the "all sorts of people"—tourists and wanderers—who were said in summer to delight in fishing the waters of the Lean.

There was that, however, in the shape of the head and shoulders, seen outlined against the sky, which attracted Miss Rawdon, and she did not turn back as she might have done.

She was very young, and the world promised to be a fairy tale, with always an impending transformation scene of entrancing possibilities. Only three weeks ago she had left school ; the school-house at Norwood and the care of the two kindly Misses Lake, its mistresses, bounded all the horizon of her childish recollection. Now she was longing to come into touch with this world of wonders, the smallest incident of which promised an adventure.

When she reached a willow, half a field's length from the angler, she stopped. The trunk partly concealed her, and she could watch proceedings comfortably.

Nothing might have come of it. She might have returned to Mrs. Montresor sitting under the elms with no distinct increase of impression, beyond the outline of a hat and a pair of shoulders ; but swish through the long grass came something—straight in her direction.

It was an Irish terrier, as keenly excursive as herself. He had caught sight of the white gleam behind the willow trunk, and, forgetful of his master and his master's interests, of all a dog's duty, he started to investigate its meaning.

"Back, Rollo—back, you beast !"

The call was imperative ; but for once Rollo paid no heed. He had the bit of something white in his mouth in a trice ; the next moment, with much sagacity, he was fawning and fondling the little hand laid upon his tawny coat.

Instinct told Miss Rawdon it would be better to come from behind her retreat ; so she stood forth in the flicker of sunlight and shadow, a maiden revealed.

Her hat was in her hand, her brown hair was all tumbled and blown ; the folds of her white gown hung simple and straight round her slight, lisson figure. She was young, and fair, and sweet, and the dog, fawning upon her, had nestled his muzzle in her hand.

The fisherman forgot the already startled fish ; he left his line in the bushes and came towards her.

"Down, Rollo—down, you dog, you——"

Why do we love to picture the birth of the greatest joy which earth has to give out in the open, where the wind comes laden with the songs of a thousand birds, the scents of a million of flowers that have lived and loved and died ? For the sake of our poor humanity, let us still think that to love purely is to draw nearer to God—is a step forward upon the way that shall lead to His disclosing. It is at the time of this awakening of our greatest capabilities for joy or sorrow that we are most willing to believe Him near—then, and at the time of that other awakening which we are apt to call death. In both cases the issues are so tremendous, the weakness of our finality turns outward, seeking help from the Infinite.

Like death, love is no respecter of persons, time, or place—he comes upon us when and how and where he wills ; but, if we may choose, let it be far from the jarring discords of the world, the flesh, and the devil—for one moment let us enter Eden, let us stand, pure, holy, unstained before God.

The fisherman had no idea that anything tremendous was happening to him as he stood, hat in hand, apologizing for his dog. Only the day had suddenly grown more

fair, his heart younger, God nearer.

Ellinor thought, "What will Mrs. Montresor say ? He is worth looking at." And she also felt happier ; but in the meantime she must speak.

"Oh, it doesn't signify at all, thank you," looking at her soiled gown ; "I love dogs, but I am afraid I have spoiled your sport."

"I have had none to-day—the sun is too bright."

The dog had by this time retreated to his master, and Ellinor felt that she must make a move in the direction of her chaperon.

"My friend is up there," she said, pointing

vaguely in the direction of the trees, "and I must go back to her. I hope you will have better sport—though not a change of weather," she added, laughing gaily, "for the sake of our luncheon."

She turned away ; but to lose her just then was not within the calculations of the fisherman.

"Forgive me," he said, with an air of profound anxiety, "but there is a bull up there on the hill. He is, I know, apt to take umbrage at strangers—in fact, he belongs to



"SHE WAS YOUNG AND FAIR."

Sir Arthur, my father. If you will allow us, Rollo and I will see you safely over the bridge."

A mild herd were grazing on the hill. They showed no signs of ferocity; but it was impossible to say where the bull might be hiding. And why should this pleasant-mannered person tell a story?

She felt rather amused. The first young man to whom she had spoken, and, lo, he was walking composedly at her side!

"Is this land your father's? I hope we are not trespassing?"

"Oh, dear no—no end of people come here to sketch the ruins."

"I am Miss Rawdon, of Firholt," said Ellinor, a little stiffly. She did not care to be confounded with "no end of people."

"Oh," he said, eagerly, "I know. Your father has bought that property—a splendid property it is, too."

"I am expecting my father to-night."

"That's jolly for you," he said sympathizingly. "At least, I suppose it is."

She looked at him gravely. How was it that she felt she could say to this stranger what was in her heart.

"Is it not strange?" she said, almost below her breath. "I have never seen him—that I can remember. I have been at school all these years, and he has been in America."

"Well, that *is* rather a stunner—to drop all at once into a parent when you are full grown; but I expect it will be all right."

He smiled at her so kindly that the commonplace words seemed the deepest sympathy. By this time she had taken his image with some clearness into her mind, as she never again quite lost it. A tall, well-made man of thirty, with kind, grey eyes that smiled pleasantly; a broad and rather high forehead, where the hair already grew a little thin about the temples. The rest of the features were straight and finely cut; the chin slightly pointed.

"Somebody would have liked to paint him," she thought; "one of those old men, Velasquez or Rembrandt."

They had reached the bridge, and the vision of Mrs.

Montresor, standing up and looking for her charge, presented itself. Catching sight of her in her present alarming vicinity, she hurried forward.

"There is my friend," said Ellinor, "Mrs. Montresor. Will you come and be introduced to her?"

She felt pleased at the consternation visible on her guardian's face as she drew near.

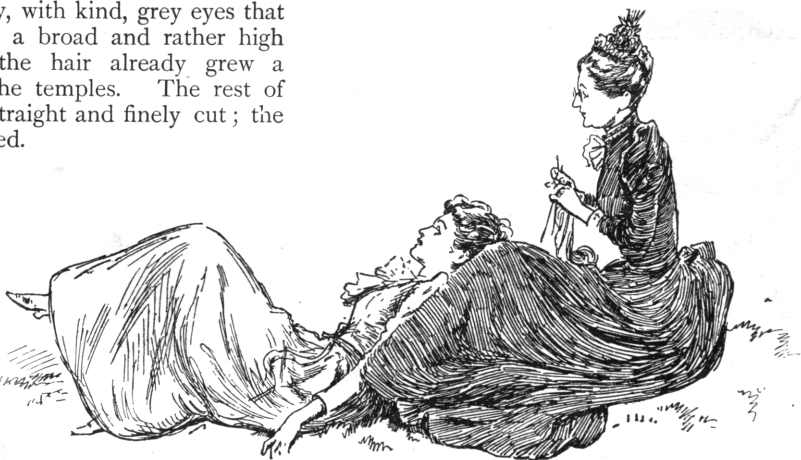
"This is Mr. Peyton, Mrs. Montresor; he has kindly protected me from a ferocious bull in the other field. It seems we are upon Sir Arthur Peyton's ground."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Peyton; but you should not have wandered so far away, Ellinor, and you are quite heated. Come and sit down."

"I hear you have been drawing the ruins. I dabble in colour a little myself," said Peyton. He seemed to have no intention of leaving. He went back with them to the shade of the elm trees, and stayed chatting, directing most of his conversation to Mrs. Montresor, until Jacky (the page) appeared with the luncheon basket, prompted by his own inner cravings. Then at last Mr. Peyton remembered the claims of his fishing tackle. He held Ellinor's hand for a moment as he said farewell.

"I hope we may soon meet again," he said. "My mother has been meaning to call upon you; but she has scarcely been able to leave the house for some weeks."

When he was gone they spread the snowy cloth upon the grass, and such a collation as women love, cold chicken, and a fresh young lettuce, a bottle of Sauterne, and crisp pastry sheltering green gooseberries.



"SHE LAY WITH HER HEAD RESTING AGAINST MRS. MONTRESOR'S KNEE."

Afterwards Ellinor lay with her head resting against Mrs. Montresor's knee, gazing up through the trellis work of green to the blue depths beyond. She dreamed peacefully a vague, fanciful dream, half pleasant retrospection, half anticipation. She felt that her morning's encounter had broken the isolation of her life. Strange that it should happen upon this day, of all others ; for its close was to reveal to her her one near link with her kind—the unknown father who yet had shaped her destiny. Miss Rawdon was distinctly an heiress, the sum of her expectations had been vaguely hinted at as nearly half a million. She had stepped from her school life to this glorious independence ; to be mistress of Firholt, “the place in Hampshire” bought and fitted up for her reception. And the royal giver of all this was her father, known only through letters delivered to her through the medium of Miss Lake.

Her school days had been watched over vicariously by Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson, solicitors ; but now, he was coming—the being who should crown his gifts with his presence.

She had often pictured him. Tall she fancied him, with hair turning iron grey ; perhaps a little stoop ; tired from the toil of the years in which he had amassed the wealth which he was coming to share with his little girl. That was the name he gave her in his letters. Short letters they had been, explaining little, but often repeating his desire that she should fully qualify herself for the position it would be hers to fill—telling her that all the hopes and desires of the writer's heart were centred upon his little girl, and that he was always “her affectionate father, Matthew Rawdon.”

To-day her dreams were clearer than ever. They seemed a very foreshadowing of his presence. It was the restlessness of expectation which had drawn her to persuade Mrs. Montresor to come out to spend these last hours in the open fields.

It was nearly five o'clock when they started on their homeward drive. On reaching Firholt they were met by the housekeeper with the news that Mr. Rawdon had already arrived—two hours before his time. Ellinor waited for no comment, she flew up the steps, and across the hall, to the small drawing-room where, she was told, he was awaiting her.

An older woman would have paused—tried to prepare herself for the meeting—Ellinor thought only of the end of suspense. She threw open the door.

He had seen the carriage drive up, heard

her coming ; he was standing in the middle of the room awaiting her.

“Father !” then she stopped short.

Was this he—this her father ? There must be some mistake. A small man stood there. His right hand held the wrist of his left, as if seeking support even from himself. One foot shuffled nervously over the other. His clothes hung loosely, and set badly. He was spare and thin ; his scant hair was iron-grey and stubbly, inclined to stand upright ; his beard was stubbly also, and apparently of recent growth. Above all, he did not look a gentleman. He came forward and spoke. His voice was a redeeming point ; it was soft and musical—coming from such a man, it was a surprise. So were his eyes, when he lifted them as he drew near. Habitually they were downcast. He came, leaving the custody of his own wrist, and rubbing his hands together.

“Is this,” he said, “is this my little girl ?”

She lifted her head and blushed. Was it for him, or for her thoughts of him ?

“Yes, father, I am Ellinor.”

He leant forward and kissed her brow—he had no occasion to stoop. As he did so, his eyes met hers. She saw them, wistful, pleading, as though asking forgiveness for she knew not what, perhaps for his presence. Her heart reproached her ; everything was his, even herself. It was a relief when Mrs. Montresor came in. If she felt surprise, she was too clever to show it, and her somewhat effusive greeting gave Ellinor time to recover herself. She gave her father his tea ; he begged her to. His face lit up at every small office she performed for him. He watched her, he gloated over her, her freshness, her sweetness, her beauty.

“My little girl,” he said to himself, more than once, hugging his own wrist.

Mrs. Montresor saw the strained look upon the girl's face, the trembling of her hands among the tea-cups. As soon as the function was over, she proposed to conduct Mr. Rawdon over his own house.

“Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson were so good as to consult me about the arrangements,” she said. “I hope they will meet with your approval.”

“Sure to do that, ma'am—sure to do that,” he answered.

“Ellinor, dear,” said Mrs. Montresor, “you look tired. Had you not better go and take your hat off ? Meet us in the long gallery. We will wait for you there.”

Ellinor was thankful for the respite, for the chance of solitude. In safety within her



'WAS THIS HER FATHER?'

own room, she flung herself upon her bed; she was overwrought, over-excited, and her dismay found vent in ready tears, a fit of childish, heartbroken sobbing.

"What should she do? What should she do? Who was he? What was he? And the Peytons were coming to call!"

Then, the fit of crying over, and being a child still, and simple in her ways, she knelt beside the bed, and prayed for strength to do her duty. When Mrs. Montresor came to seek her nearly an hour later, she was sitting calmly by the window.

"You should have come down, Ellinor," she said, busying herself about the room; "your father was disappointed."

"I was very tired, dear Monty. I am sorry."

There was a quiet, constrained tone in the young voice that was new to it. Mrs. Montresor was a good woman, but of coarser stuff than her charge. She went over to her side. "Tut, dear child—don't fret—he has kind eyes—you must take care of him—£300,000—he's a prince compared to many a man I've seen fêted for half the money."

Ellinor drew back a little.

"It is time to dress for dinner," she said.

"I mustn't vex my father by being late. Is he gone to his room?"

Instinct had revealed to her her lesson. There was a burden she must stoop to carry, but to the world she must walk upright.

With curious consistency she chose the handsomest dinner dress in her wardrobe for her toilette; one which she had put aside as unfitting her years. The train and bodice were of grey velvet, falling open in front over a petticoat of brocade and old lace. Indeed, it was better suited for a woman of forty; but, when her maid had gathered her hair into a tight knot on the top of her little head, and she had fastened a great bunch of roses in her bosom, she looked a quaint and dainty lady, and moved with a newly

born dignity pretty to see. She glanced at herself in the pier-glass. "Had it been different," she thought, "I could have put on my white gown. I could have remained young. Now I see why he educated me; I must make it up to him."

He was waiting for her in the large drawing-room; not in evening dress, but wearing a loose black coat and white waistcoat. He looked at her with pride, almost with awe, as, her head held high, she swept into the room. The dinner passed off better than she had hoped. She noted that he was cautious and quick of observation. He watched her and Mrs. Montresor from beneath his eyelids, and followed their lead; also he talked little.

Mrs. Montresor was right in her prediction that the county would call. Before Mr. Rawdon had been a fortnight at Firholt the carriages began to roll up the drive with considerable frequency. Ellinor took her line. She was a little on the defensive, dignified, very quiet, defying criticism. In the daytime she dressed with marked plainness, in the evenings with marked splendour. It was wonderful where the girl had learnt that she could no longer afford to be childish.

Among the first comers were the Peytons;

Guy, with his mother. Sir Arthur was laid up with the gout. The visit was not altogether a success. Mr. Rawdon was at home, and there were no other visitors. He always struck strangers in the light of a surprise. He stood in front of Lady Peyton, clasping and unclasping his wrist, shuffling his feet, replying in short, jerky sentences to her efforts at conversation, and calling her "Ma'am." Guy, after the first shock, was constrained and polite; a different man from the pleasant stranger Ellinor had chatted to in the fields.

She wondered, did he repent having brought his mother to the house. She imagined bitterly the criticisms that would occupy the drive home—could she have been present in body, as she was in imagination, she would scarcely have been reassured. Guy was moody and silent, and his mother looked at him anxiously. She had divined something beneath his anxiety that she should call upon these new people. "You had better go, my dear," her husband had said; "£300,000! and if he should really take a fancy to the girl, and she is presentable! We want the money badly enough, goodness knows. In fact, he *must* marry money."

Lady Peyton had not thought it wise to repeat this advice to her son; now she was feeling very much put out. The girl was well enough, more than presentable, and showed her good sense in her dress. But the man! What a price to pay for the old estate!

She turned suddenly to her son, after thinking of these things in silence for a quarter of an hour.

"What a man!" she said, irritably. "He is like some small City clerk on a hundred a year—a badger!"

"He might be worse," said Guy, nervously; "he might be obtrusive."

"I don't know that it would be worse. You would expect a man with nearly half a million of money, to be assertive—but this creature—one asks, who can he be? How did he come by it? He hasn't the brain—he doesn't look one in the face—he is mean as well as low bred!"

It was seldom Lady Peyton spoke with so much vehemence; she was terribly put out, and she overshot the mark. The following day Guy again called at Firholt; rode over alone; he remembered a suggestion he wished to make to Mr. Rawdon about the fishing. He had thought over the situation; had weighed and justly appreciated the change in

the girl which had perplexed him the day before, and thrown him out. He saw her determination not to be taken apart from her father, and it turned admiration into a serious and tender respect. He felt a chivalrous desire to atone to the girl who so bravely set herself to cast aside her frivolities and light-heartedness, and fight society with this terrible little man by her side.

He found Ellinor sitting under the brown beeches on the lawn. Mr. Rawdon was not at home, which, perhaps, was a relief to everyone concerned. Tea was brought out under the trees, and Mrs. Montresor came with her work. Perhaps the threatened destruction of an intercourse which had promised so much made its renewal sweeter. At any rate, from that afternoon the story of these two people ran with even facility to its climax. Guy Peyton asked Ellinor to be his wife in a simple, straightforward way about three months after their first meeting. Tragedy and parting seemed so far removed from their fate, when once the difficulty of her parentage was faced and accepted, that there was no occasion for much protestation. The undoubtingness of their love made it simple in expression; they knew that it dated from the day they had met by the Lean, and Rollo had effected their introduction. Sir Guy and Lady Peyton were forced into cordiality, for the dower offered by Mr. Rawdon was simply magnificent. The £300,000 proved no dream; it was solidly invested, and he proposed to settle almost the entire sum upon his daughter on her wedding-day, retaining only a sufficiency to supply the most simple needs. He also signified his intention of vacating Firholt for her use.

"Perhaps," he said, gently, "he would visit her occasionally—for himself rooms in town would be more to his taste." He explained this to Sir Arthur, who felt compelled to remonstrate, although secretly he thought the arrangement in every way admirable. Lady Peyton was exultant. With Mr. Rawdon's withdrawal, the one fatal drawback to the marriage was removed. But Matthew Rawdon said nothing of his plans to his daughter.

It was within a few months of the date fixed for the wedding that a great dinner was given at Firholt. At the last moment a note arrived from Lady Peyton; could Ellinor find room at the table for a friend, an American on a visit to Europe, who had appeared suddenly at the Hall, bringing letters of introduction impossible to neglect?

They were among the last to arrive.

Ellinor was receiving to-night in the great drawing-room, and she looked fit to reign there. She wore a dress of golden-hued chiffon. Across her bosom and on the skirt were sprays of daisies, and the heart of every daisy was a blazing sapphire—a type of the girl's nature she was totally unaware of.

Her father had taken up his favourite position with his back to one of the fire-places, and she stood near him. Mr. Rawdon had improved during the last few months. He shuffled less; his clothes, thanks to Ellinor, were irreproachable, and, especially since his daughter's engagement, he had grown daily more calm.

The Peytons were announced.

Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton, Mr. Peyton, and Mr. —; the name was lost.

Ellinor saw a spare, tall man, keen-faced and vigilant. He was bowing before her. She heard a slow, slightly nasal monotone beginning—

"I must apologize, Miss Rawdon——" He had reached the slight elevation of the last syllable, when an irresistible impulse made her turn from him to her father.

Matthew Rawdon had grown deadly pale. He had leant back against the mantel, clutching himself nervously.

"Father!"

He gave a swift motion of the hand, bidding her be still, and with an effort recovered himself.

A moment later she heard again the American's voice.

"You have a fine place here, Mr. Rawdon, one of the finest I *should* say in this fine country."

Her father made some inaudible reply; the curious pallor was still upon his face, but dinner was announced; she had no chance of speaking to him. During dinner she watched him anxiously. She saw that he was more than usually nervous; that he drank a good deal of wine. Once or twice she caught a penetrating glance, swift and direct, thrown by the American to that end of the table.

Throughout she seemed to hear above every other sound the slight rise and fall of that slow, clear monotone, and felt she hated the man. It was a relief and reassuring to turn her head and catch Guy's smile, and she was thankful when she could give the signal for withdrawal.

After the ladies had gone, the American had the field to himself. His metallic bell gradually silenced the other men, and he got the ear of the table.

Mr. Rawdon's chief merits as a host were that he gave good wine, good dinners, and left his guests entire freedom. He usually headed the table in silence, with the result that, on the present occasion, his white, exhausted face escaped remark, except from Guy Peyton. Matthew Rawdon had now something more than toleration from his future son-in-law—partly on Ellinor's account, partly on his own.

The unobtrusive self-effacement of the little man appealed strongly to those who came within his immediate influence.

The American was dilating on the fortunes made and lost on the other side of the Atlantic.

"A curious case," he was saying, "a curious case I knew once—a poor, wretched little clerk in an office in Boston city—he had a wife and child and one hundred and fifty pounds a year. One fine day he presented a cheque at a bank, signed by one of the best-known names in the city—a cheque for three hundred dollars. The cheque was a forgery, sir—a forgery! The man was caught, trying to escape to Europe, and sent to prison. He had been speculating, gambling—buying small shares out of petty economies; everything failed. When he had no more, he forged a name. Poor little chap, he threw himself at the feet of the man he had wronged and begged for mercy; but he went to the hulks—his wife died of a broken heart.

"Now, sir, for the re-markable point. While that man was serving his time, some darned sentimental fool died, and left him every penny of his co-lossal fortune. His time served out, the man went to Europe, where he was unknown, to spend his money. When I saw him again, sir, he was about to ally himself, through his daughter, to one of the oldest and proudest families of this proud old country. He had changed two letters of his name. The name of the clerk, sir, was Daw——"

There was a sound as of a blow, a clatter of silver and glass. The host had fallen forward in his chair; his body lay across the table, the arms stretched out.

"Where is my father?"

Guy Peyton was by Ellinor's side in the drawing-room. Nearly half an hour had elapsed since the abrupt conclusion of the American's story. Mr. Rawdon had been carried from the table, but Guy had taken care that no rumour of alarm should reach Ellinor until he himself could go to her.

"He is not quite himself; he is in the library."



"THE HOST HAD FALLEN FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR."

"What is the matter? Why was I not told? I must go to him."

"It is not serious. My father is with him. Don't go, Ellinor. It was a slight faintness, that is all. Don't let people imagine anything has gone wrong. I asked Mrs. Montresor to go down."

"Are you sure? Would he rather I stayed here?"

"I am quite sure he would rather you stayed here, and I also, Ellinor."

She obeyed him, but she was uneasy with foreboding, especially when Sir Arthur did not return, and longed to see the last of her guests, that she might be free.

In the library lay the master of Firholt. He had shrunk in this last hour. He was more wizened; his hands and feet seemed drawing themselves up into clothes that had suddenly grown loose and baggy; his face was livid, even to the lips. He lay with his eyes closed.

Sir Arthur Peyton was walking up and down the room, limping still from the gout, his face working; he was in a terrible passion.

"You own to it—that this man's story is true; that you have plotted to bring disgrace upon an honourable house; added crime to crime, the taint of it to fall upon the children of my son?"

The shrivelled figure on the couch trembled.

"I believed that it would never become known. I did it for her."

"Known or not known, the disgrace was there—the d—— disgrace! Good God! how can I tell what Guy will do! The exposure alone——"

"Must that exposure come?" said Mr. Rawdon, faintly.

"Come? who is to prevent it?" said the man of title. "The scandal will half kill Lady Peyton. To be sure I have stopped that——American's mouth for the present. No one but he and myself know for certain."

A faint tinge of colour was coming back to Mr. Rawdon's face. He reached a cordial that was upon a table near, and drank it. Then he stood upright. There was a touch of dignity in his bent figure, his thin hands were folded quietly, his feet shuffled no more.

"Sir Arthur, when I forged that cheque, my wife was dying, and I had no money—none. I had begged five pounds from the father of the man who dined at my table to-day, and he refused it; then I used his name. Now I am going to beg once more—for my daughter—for Ellinor. Stop this thing from becoming public; save her from knowing. It will be better for you, too; and I—I will go to-night. I cannot stay here. I will write to her—telling her that the love of the old roving life is upon me—what you will. I cannot live long; I know it. The attack I had to-night was from the heart."

"And my son?"

"Tell him if you think it right; do as you like. Send him abroad. I will tell Ellinor she must wait for my return, but let it fall upon her gradually—gently; do not break her heart."

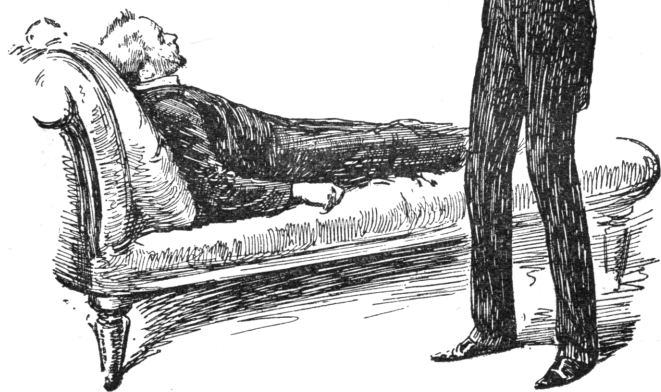
There was something in the absolute simplicity of the man's pleading that touched Sir Arthur's heart—not an unkindly one; also the plan proposed seemed the best for them all.

He did not know that Matthew Rawdon looked to the possibility that, with his self-

effacement, his crime might be forgiven—to his little girl; that he hoped much from Guy's strength and Sir Arthur's need of that £300,000.

Sir Arthur hesitated. "I think," he said, slowly, at last, "it will be the best plan."

"You consent, then? You can assure this man's silence——"



"THE SHRIVELLED FIGURE ON THE COUCH TREMBLED."

"I consent. And as for Mr.—Mr.—, yes, I can silence him."

When at length Ellinor was rid of her guests, she went to seek her father. She found that he had gone to his room, and that the door was locked.

He answered back to her inquiries that he was better—anxious to sleep; she might go to bed without fear. She went back to Guy, who was waiting in the drawing-room. He had declined a seat in his mother's carriage, and meant to ride home. Ellinor slipped her arms about his neck—

"Guy, what is the matter to-night? Something has happened, or is going to happen. What is it?"

He gathered her in his arms, crushing the chiffons of her yellow gown—

"Nothing but your own nervous fears, sweetheart."

"Guy, we have never talked much about our love. Tell me now how much you love me."

"An idle question, Nell. I love you, dear. If you were alone, and poor——"

"And dishonoured—say dishonoured, Guy."

He paused a moment, then said quietly—
"And dishonoured, Nell—outwardly; in your own pure heart you never could be—you are mine; the one woman for whom, by God's help, I live or die."

She clung to him—

"Thank you, Guy."

"It is nonsense," he said; "it is you who give me everything. If I loved you less I could not take it. You believe that, Nell?"

"Indeed, I do."

She lifted up her face to say good-night. Suddenly he caught her back to his arms.

"Oh, my love, my love, I almost wish these things might come upon you, that I might prove it."

When the quiet darkness of night had settled down upon Firholt, the door of its master's room opened softly. Treading as a thief in his own house, Mr. Rawdon stole out. He glided, a small dark blot, through passages where a faint moonlight from time to time illuminated his shrinking figure, until he reached the door of his daughter's room.

He paused, listening. All was so quiet within, he ventured to turn the handle.

The stillness told him that Ellinor was asleep. Treading on tip-toe he stole across to the bed. There was sufficient light for him to see her face plainly, and, stooping over her, he kissed her lightly on the forehead—for the last time.

The poor little outcast was crying; a tear was rolling down his cheek, but he wiped it away, lest it should fall upon her and waken her, following the light touch of his kiss. As it was she stirred a little in her sleep, and he drew back behind the curtain. He waited a few moments, then, without venturing to touch her again, he stole away out into the night. Early the next morning Mrs. Montresor came to Ellinor's room with a letter. She looked grave and anxious.

Matthew Rawdon had written to her, begging her to be herself the bearer of a letter to his daughter, and to break the news of his departure.

"How is my father?" asked Ellinor. "Has John been to him—have you heard?"

"Your father has been called away sud—"

denly on business, dear child. He has written; here is his letter."

"What! without telling me? And he was so ill last night!"

Matthew Rawdon, in writing for the last



"MR. RAWDON STOLE OUT."

time to his daughter, had characteristically avoided much self-expansion.

He spoke of his absence as necessary even for her own well-being, and begged her in the matter of her marriage to be guided by the wishes of Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton until his return.

Ellinor read his words in silence. She felt that some heavy blow had fallen, although as yet she could not realize its extent or nature; also she was wounded and amazed. Her father had already formed his plans and discussed them with Sir Arthur when she bade him good-night at his door, and had said no word to her. It seemed that he had purposely avoided seeing her. Had she known of his secret farewell, her pain would have been less. She might have turned to Mrs. Montresor for comfort. Now she was silent and tearless.

She had scarcely left the breakfast-room when Lady Peyton arrived. Sir Arthur had taken his wife into his counsels, and she fully agreed in keeping such secrecy as might still be possible. It was a hard blow for her; the sense of shame, of having been duped, added to the disappointment, the overthrow of all her plans, made it almost unbearable.

She frankly expressed a wish that Mr. Rawdon or Dawson might never be heard of again—might put an end to himself—"it is the only thing left for the little wretch to do with any decency," she explained.

It was easy to induce the American to hold his tongue. He had done mischief enough already in satisfying a feeling of personal animosity. He had no wish to see the doors of a society he was eager to enter closed against him, as Sir Arthur assured him would infallibly be the case did he bring down further scandal upon his present hosts.

It was clear that the breaking off of the engagement must come from Ellinor—there was no knowing what Guy's chivalrous notions might lead him into doing—and Lady Peyton drove over to Firholt in the morning, while her son thought her still in her room.

Her visit was a short one.

She entreated Ellinor for her own sake not to seek to know the reasons of her father's conduct; she told her that his last express wishes, left with Sir Arthur, had been that the marriage should be put off until his return, and implored her, for Guy's sake, to be guided by them.

"And his return—when will that be?" asked the girl, with blanched face.

"I—no one, I think, exactly knows."

"And it is for Guy's sake you ask me this?"

"Indeed it is—to save him from the consequences of a fatal mistake—from an irreparable wrong."

"And this mistake—it was my father's?"

"Yes."

Ellinor walked to the window. Was she to lose everything at one blow—father, lover—all that life held for her? "You are sure? This is best for Guy—is it to save him?" she asked again at last.

"I am quite sure."

The girl walked over to the writing-table without another word.

"You will know that my father has left me suddenly," she wrote. "I believe Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton know more of the cause than I—I learn that it is his wish that our marriage should be delayed until his return. No one knows when that will be. For your own sake I write to give you your freedom. I was mad to ask of you what I did last night—forget it, Guy. Do you think I am cold-hearted that I write so? I think I am dead—I can feel nothing."

When she had finished Lady Peyton was prepared to leave.

"I will send this," Ellinor said; "John shall ride over at once."

"You are a brave woman, Ellinor." She kissed the girl's cheek. It occurred to her that there were things even more potent than wealth to wipe out inherited stain.

Sir Arthur had purposely detained his son that morning, talking over matters totally unconnected with the topic uppermost in both minds. Guy had just escaped and was mounting to ride over to Firholt when Ellinor's letter was put into his hand. He was thunderstruck and furiously angry. Although perfectly aware that something had gone seriously wrong, he had waited, determined that his father should take the initiative, and equally determined that nothing should induce him to give up Ellinor. What he was not prepared for was that his mother should get the start of him, and deal the blow through the hand of his love. He went straight to Sir Arthur, the letter in his hand.

"You knew of this, sir? My mother has seen Ellinor this morning." The elder man felt uncomfortable. There was an unpleasant look of conspiracy about the affair; but, Ellinor having proved reasonable, secrecy was no longer an object, and he told his son simply the whole story. Carefully as he detailed his own action in the matter, it was not difficult to read between the lines. The anger of the younger man deepened.

"Very well, sir," he said, when his father paused. "I more than half guessed the truth last night. In the face of it I renewed my word to Miss Rawdon. You have thought fit to hound away her father, to treat me like a child, and coerce Ellinor into breaking with me, working on her sense of honour. I can only say—if she will not marry me, I will marry no woman alive."

Then he took his hat and went out, over to Firholt. Ellinor came down to him, a haggard, white-faced woman.

"Ellinor, what do you mean——?"

"You know what I mean."

"Don't you know it is simply impossible to separate yourself from me?"

"You must not marry me."

"Nonsense, I mean to marry you."

She clasped her hands and rested the open palms upon his shoulder, looking into his face, her strained, tired eyes meeting his. "Guy, I must find him—find my father."

"Do you love him best?"

"No, but if I married you, even if your father and mother consented, if I could escape from doing you shameful injury, he would keep away, thinking that so we might be happy. I should have his long pain, perhaps his death upon my heart."

"Dear love, I will find him; then we will go away together, he and you and I."

"No, no, it is impossible. Your mother would be heartbroken; and she trusts me."

"She did wrong to appeal to you. If we had been married, they must have accepted everything; there would have been no alternative, and it is the same thing."

"Guy, what has he done?"

"Nothing, love, that has not long ago been wiped out."

But Ellinor kept her word. Guy must go, and she would wait for her father's homecoming.

Guy also kept his word. He told her that he held himself bound, that he would seek Matthew Rawdon through the world and bring him back. In the meantime Ellinor refused to receive his letters or write to him.

The months went by, and Matthew Rawdon did not come, nor Guy. Lady Peyton and Sir Arthur began to console themselves with the thought that the little man must be dead, and to weary for their son. Ellinor advertised, sought the aid of a private inquiry office, all to no avail. She lived on quietly at Firholt with Mrs. Montresor, seldom going into society. She had grown into a grave, slightly reserved woman.

Every evening she went down to a path she loved, shadowed in spring by lilacs, laburnums, and guelder-roses; behind these a plantation of laurels. On the other side it was open to the park. She used to fancy that some evening in the dusk her waiting would be ended, and she should see her father coming.

After two years someone came; not her father, but Guy.

He had been to the house first, and took her unawares. Until she saw him, she did not know the exceeding bitterness of her loneliness and longing; she stretched out her arms with a cry.

"Sweetheart," he said presently, "there must be no more parting between you and me. My people can't stand out any longer—the loneliness of the old place has proved too much for them. I will not stay here without you, and they are ready to welcome you."

"But my father. If he came back would they welcome him? And, until he does, how can I break my word?"

"Listen, love—they think, we all think—Nell, I have tried every means to find him, and failed." There was a rustling among the laurel leaves. "It is only a bird," said Guy, feeling that she started.

"You think," she almost whispered, "that he is—dead?—without saying good-bye—without a word to me? Oh, Guy, whatever he has done I loved him. How can I be happy in the fruit of his pain—to die deserted and alone?"

He tried to comfort her. Would not the greatest wish, the one keen desire of the lost man's heart be fulfilled if she were beloved and happy?

Together they walked towards the house; when they were out of sight the laurels rustled once more, and in the dusk there crept out a small, dark figure, unshaven, ragged, and

There Ellinor went to him, and shut the door.

"Father! father! Oh, why will you not speak to me? Say once more, 'My little girl.'"

But Matthew Rawdon, the forger, would never speak again. Medical examination showed that he had been dead for many hours, the immediate cause of death being an old and deeply-seated heart disease, increased by suffering and want. He seemed to have been leading the life of a vagrant, but how and where he had succeeded in so completely hiding himself never came to light. The story of his death was hushed



"IN THE DUSK THERE CREPT OUT A SMALL, DARK FIGURE."

forlorn. A beggar, surely! And the beggar knelt and kissed the dust which the young girl's feet had trodden.

In the morning one of the gardeners came up to the house with a grave face, and asked to see Mrs. Montresor.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a man, a tramp, he looks like; a poor, half-starved creature, he's lying dead among the laurels down by the shrubbery walk."

"Good God! The poor man! Who can he be?"

The man's face was working; he was twirling his cap in his hands. He leaned forward and whispered—

"Ma'am, I think, I al—most think—it's the master, Mr. Rawdon."

So for the second time the master of Firtholt came home.

They carried the small, light figure to the house, to his own room, a strange contrast to its luxurious fittings.

up, as had been that of his crime. Lady Peyton carefully talked of him as "highly eccentric," and explained that it was entirely owing to his eccentricity that her son's marriage had been postponed. The odd little man had started off in such an unaccountable manner, and Ellinor had been so resolute in abiding by his wish that she should await his return.

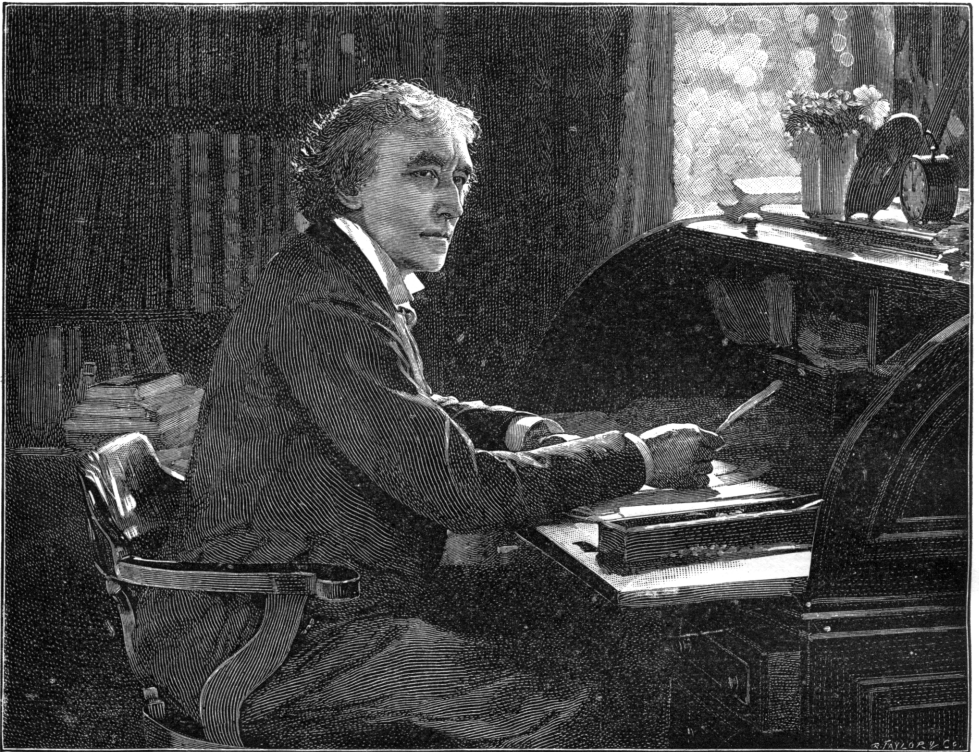
Well, he had come, and he was dead, and there was an end of it. No one had much interest in ferreting out the truth of his story. When the days of her mourning were ended, Ellinor married very quietly.

Sometimes in the summer evenings she takes her children to her father's grave, hoping that he is in some way conscious of the fidelity of her recollection.

She knows what was his crime—surely long ago worked out—and prays that its shadow may never fall upon those she loves.

Illustrated Interviews.

NO. XV.—MR. HENRY IRVING.



From a Photo. by]

IN THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



GRAFTON Street, Bond Street, is not a particularly attractive thoroughfare, yet the opening of the door of No. 15A secures admission to one of the most interesting domiciles in the country. It is the home of the leading actor in the land. Here lives a man whom to meet and talk with means a real privilege. One whole long day with Henry Irving is something to be remembered. He is the worst possible actor in his own home—there is no suggestion of the theatre whilst sitting talking with him; yet the romance inseparable from the player's life pervades every nook and corner of his house. He tried his utmost to deceive me—he worked hard to conceal the kindly nature which is written in every feature of his face. It was a failure. I remembered those "little cheques." I thought of his pensioners; of folk who were kind to him in those struggling days—of the story of the Christmas dinner which a worthy

old Scotch couple gave him when, on that day of goodwill and good things, he was almost without one, and innumerable small but welcome acts which to-day are being repaid back a hundredfold. I never met a man who talked less about himself and more about other people than Henry Irving. With delightful diplomacy he evaded my questions which would incriminate himself of kindness. My description of the great actor is of the simplest character. He has the kindest face you ever saw, but—you must look into it first.

I passed with him one long day, first at his home and then in a convenient four-wheeler to the theatre. The staircase of his house is replete with grand bronzes. One of Don Quixote is just opposite the dining-room door. Here, too, are many views of Venice, and a number of sketches by Seymour Lucas. The dining-room overlooks Bond Street. It is a distinctly comfortable room. A bust of Kemble is over the bookcase, with another of



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

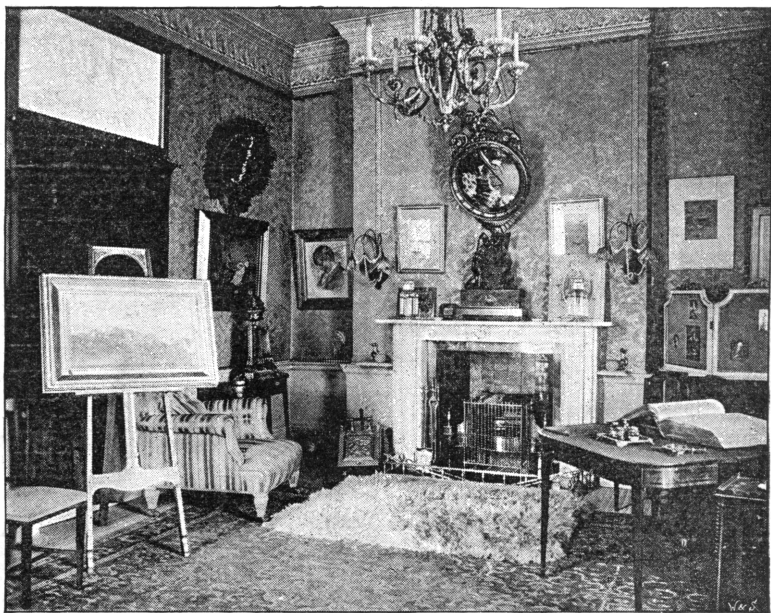
here, together with a fine engraving of Charles I. A bronze of a French harlequin stands just in the shadow of the light from the window, quaint old books fill corners, and over the mantel-board are examples of the Venetian school.

There is much of deep interest in the drawing-room and small reception-room upstairs. An old Empire clock has retired from work for some time. It now rests on the white enamel mantel-board. In the

Dante. The exquisite Spanish ware is to be envied. On one side of the mantelpiece is an interesting reminiscence of Mrs. Siddons—a picture of “The Shoulder of Mutton Inn,” Brecon, South Wales, where she was born, an excellent portrait of the famous actress herself, and a letter from her to Lord Avon. The latter is in very tiny running writing, and reads: “Thank you for your kind note, my dear Lord Avon. We shall be most happy to attend you at dinner. Alas! Alas! that these delightful summers are so soon to end.” The pattern of the chairs in this apartment is highly suggestive of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

The little cigar-room adjoins this. The boxes of weeds are many and are stored in a huge cabinet. The last portrait ever taken of Charles Mathews hangs

bookcase are some very fine and old editions of Shakespeare. Mr. Irving possesses over thirty different editions, all told. Every one is dated. Here is the third edition of the Bard—once the property of the Duke of Bedford. Another, originally in the possession of the Earl of Aylesford, in red leather and gilt binding, could not be purchased for £500. The



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

lives and memoirs—marvellous in their completeness—of Edmund Kean, Garrick, and Macready here also find their place.

The memoirs of Kean filled a quarter of the room when laid out on the floor. Mr. Irving bought up the innumerable sheets, engravings, and what not, including priceless letters and the like, pasted eight and nine of them on top of one another on a single sheet. It was an unwieldy mass of hidden treasure, and Mr. Irving requested an obliging friend to "amuse himself" with sorting them out, whilst he was in America. On his return the thing was done.

A small case contains the russet boots which Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.*, and the sword he used as *Coriolanus*. A companion cabinet is in the drawing-room. One by one the treasures are taken out and talked about. Here is David Garrick's ring, which he gave to his brother on his death-bed. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented it to Mr. Irving. Two watches are here. One is the gold timekeeper of John Philip Kemble, the other a silver one which formerly belonged to Edwin Forest. As I held the latter in my hand, Mr. Irving said quietly :—

"Do you notice the time by it?"

It was thirty-eight minutes past five.

"That watch stopped at the very moment Forest breathed his last!" said Mr. Irving, as he gently replaced it.

But the treasures of the case are not exhausted. You can handle the silver dagger worn by Lord Byron, a pair of old sandals worn by Edmund Kean, a pin with a picture of Shakespeare, once the property of Garrick, an ivory tablet which belonged to Charles Mathews. Do not overlook this little purse of fine green silk thread and silver band. It was found in the pocket of Edmund Kean when he died. There was not a sixpence in it! It was given to Henry Irving by Robert Browning.

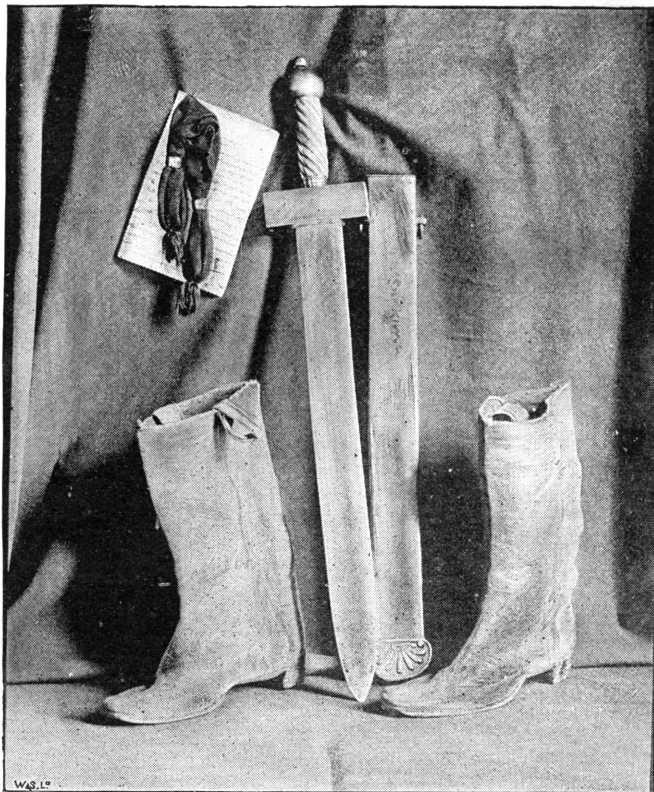
There are some fine pictures in the drawing-

room. A bust of Miss Ellen Terry is in the far corner. The silver shield which was presented to John Kemble in Edinburgh hangs on the wall. It is still surrounded with the wreath of laurel leaves—now faded—which Mr. Irving had thrown to him the last night of the season.

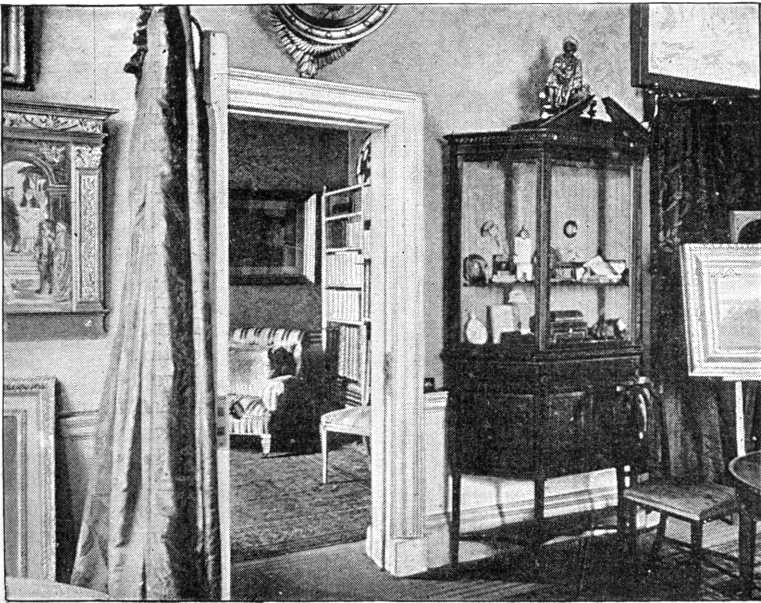
Then the name of Toole is mentioned. If you want an example of friendships, "Partners for Life," link the names of Irving and Toole together. Their companionship is just as real as it is delightful. John L. Toole's delight is to surprise his friend Irving. On a table stands a fine silver-gilt trophy presented to John Philip Kemble on his retirement from the stage. A part of its inscription reads: "Bought from Robert Tait, Esq., and presented to Henry Irving, Esq., by his old friend J. L. Toole, 5th July, 1884."

Scene—Grafton Street. Time—morning. Enter Mr. Toole, meeting Mr. Irving.

Mr. Toole: "I've found something that will interest you, Irving. A vase presented to Kemble. Fine piece of plate designed by Flaxman. Come to Messrs. Blanks and look at it."



EDMUND KEAN'S BOOTS, SWORD AND PURSE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

CORNER OF DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott and Fry.

Exit together. Arrival at shop. Big price asked for it. Toole pooh-poohs the price. Thinks they ought to be only too glad to give it to Mr. Irving. Shopkeeper immovable. Toole won't have it—"only wanted his friend to see it," etc., etc. The two friends leave the shop. Toole induces Irving to go for a stroll. They return to Grafton Street. Toole departs. The vase was upstairs!

"That was *his* way of doing it," said Mr. Irving to me.

Mr. Irving prizes nine volumes of "Dickens." The volumes are full of letters of the great novelist, bits of MSS. and drawings, all associated with his name. They are Foster's "Life of Dickens," interleaved with priceless mementos. Toole quietly left them at Grafton Street one day when Mr. Irving was out.

"Just one little anecdote to show you the wonderful goodness of dear old Toole for everybody. This will illustrate his fondness for children. Many years ago, when we were both young men, we were playing together at a theatre in Edinburgh. Ristori was appearing at another house in 'Marie Stuart.' Our programme consisted of three or four pieces; we had finished the opening piece and were free for the second, so we made up our minds to slip over and see Ristori for half an hour or so. It so happened that the last piece on the evening's bill was 'The Birthplace of Podgers.' As Toole has to appear in this very early he half

dressed for the character, putting on his corduroy trousers, red vest, and a big overcoat to hide them.

"We were just leaving the stage door together when we caught sight of three little boys, who were standing there watching the actors come in and out. It always was, and always will be, a fascinating spot for little boys. Toole turned to me suddenly: 'Can't help it, old chap! Can't help it, must do it!' He

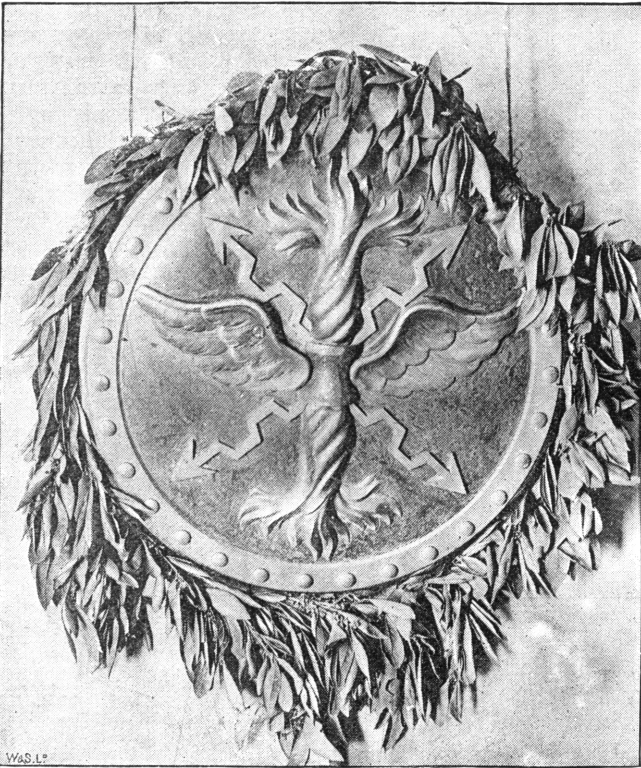
rushed up to the youngsters.

"'Halloa! my little friends! Want to see Podgers? Come along. Look sharp—here he is!' and he displayed to the wondering youngsters his beautiful red waistcoat with the white pearl buttons.

"'Here, wait a minute! There's one for you, another for you, my little man. Why! I have got another left for you. Good-bye, God bless you!' He had given them all a penny each; and we rushed away to see Ristori."

A great black raven stands just over the door which leads to the study. This is an apartment suggestive of much of which one can write very little. The writing-table is placed near the window. Fresh flowers had been put in the tiny vases a few minutes before. The pictures are numerous; the works of reference on every conceivable subject can be counted by the hundred. I liked the simple picture of Miss Ellen Terry with two dogs on her lap. She has written on it: "We wish you many happy returns of the day, and shall ever remain your loving, faithful friends, Fussie and Ned, Feb. 6, 1889."

Here is Fussie, just come into the room. He has been following us about the house all the morning. Who is Fussie? A faithful little black and white fox-terrier, who goes with its master every night to the theatre, patiently sits on a mat in his dressing-room until the performance is over, and then hurries home again. He wakes everybody in the house, sometimes at five o'clock in the morning,



From a Photo. by]

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE'S SHIELD.

[Elliot & Fry.

then starts out for a tour of Bond Street, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the neighbourhood, returning in three or four hours' time. Fussie once belonged to poor Fred Archer, and was given to Mr. Irving by Miss Terry. Miss Terry was at Newmarket one day going over some stables, and Fred Archer gave her a little pup, which was appropriately christened Fussie. Mr. Irving assured me that if he went to America and forgot to take the little terrier, the latter would swim the Atlantic after him! Fussie specially sat to Miss Ellen Terry for the photo. reproduced. He was "caught" in the act of carrying his master's walking-stick.

At the far end of the study is a great glass, which reaches from the floor to the ceiling.

Against this lean a number of swords, all suggestive of interest, and many walking-sticks. The sword Edmund Kean wore as *Richard III.* is in a crimson velvet scabbard; another is David Garrick's sword; and here is the one used by Mr. Irving as *Hamlet* for 200 nights, the crape with which it is covered being almost in tatters. There are a score of walking-sticks. One of them belonged to the late Frank Marshall, a cane he carried for years.

Then Mr. Irving sat down in his chair—a chair of incomparable comfort. We spent the afternoon together in "looking back." He spoke with earnestness about everything, and with gentleness about everybody. He seemed to me to always *think* before he spoke. His work has long ago told of the scholarly artist which he is, but you begin to understand it better after you have met the man.

One would like to write much about his brilliant career, a life which he has used to elevate the profession, of which he is the head, into the place it now occupies in the estimation of the public. Mr. Irving lives, and has lived, for

his art; it will surely live after him. Suffice it now to talk about the many pleasant incidents of a well-spent day—which only ended when I said "good-bye" to him at the theatre late at night—and with them something of the work he has done.

John Henry Brodribb was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, on February

6th, 1838. Although Irving was adopted as his *nom de théâtre*, it is now his legal name, he having had letters patent granted to him for this purpose. He passed the early years of his boyhood in Cornwall. At eleven years of age



From a Photo. by]

" FUSSIE.

[Miss Ellen Terry.

he became a pupil at Dr. Pinches' school, in George Yard, Lombard Street, a locality rendered famous from the fact that it was at a chop-house in this neighbourhood that Pickwick partook of his chops and tomato sauce. It was at Dr. Pinches' academy that young Irving astonished both teacher and taught with a recital of that somewhat weird though dramatic poem, "The Uncle." From the school he went to the desk—to an East India house in Newgate Street, which is still in existence. Mr. Irving admits to learning poems and parts out of convenient books which he managed to hide between the pages of the ledger.

"I know, one day," said Mr. Irving, merrily, "I started to learn a piece on my way to the office. I couldn't leave it. Every moment when the manager's eye was not on me, out came my book. I made up my mind to finish it that day. During my dinner hour I went and hid myself in a huge wooden packing-case. The hour went by, and I knew it not. It appears they were searching all over for me, and it was just on six o'clock before they came across me in the box."

He made his first appearance at the new Sunderland Theatre on September 29th, 1856. Then he worked hard in the provinces, often learning seventeen and eighteen parts a week. The early hours in the morning he passed with wet towels round his head, working at his lines, would astonish the most enthusiastic college "cram." From Sunderland he went to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool. Mr. Toole practically obtained the first London engagement for Mr. Irving. They had met some time previously in Edinburgh. But a small part in "Ivy Hall," at the Princess's, on September 24th, 1859, did not content the young actor. Away he went to the

provinces again, working harder than ever, and not for another seven years did he return to London, as leading man at the St. James's, playing *Doricourt* in "The Belle's Stratagem." His marvellous character-acting as *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses," at the Vaudeville, is still remembered, and his "little cheque" rings in the ears of many. He played *Grant* for 300 nights. He was not regarded as a tragic actor then, and his magnificent performance of *Mathias* in "The Bells," at the Lyceum Theatre, under H. L. Bateman, came as a revelation, only to be intensified—after appearing as *Charles I.*, *Eugene Aram*, and *Richelieu*—when he appeared as *Hamlet*. He represented the Dane for 200 nights, the



From a Photo. by)

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

longest run of the play on record. More Shakespearean and other work followed, until Mrs. Bateman retired from the Lyceum. On December 30th, 1878, the Lyceum Theatre opened with "Hamlet," which was played another hundred nights. On the memorable 30th December, Miss Ellen Terry commenced her work at the Lyceum. The actor had now become a manager, and no management before or since has been attended by such brilliant results. His productions have been watched and waited for — "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Macbeth," "Faust,"

"The Cup," "Othello"—in which he alternated the parts of the *Moor* and *Iago* with Edwin Booth—and his last, "Henry the Eighth," which as a spectacle has never been equalled; and now we are promised "King Lear" and Lord Tennyson's "Becket."

Three times has Mr. Irving, accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company, crossed to America. As in this country so in America—his genius was instantaneously

tion across the house whilst the play was in progress. Well, I made my first entrance.

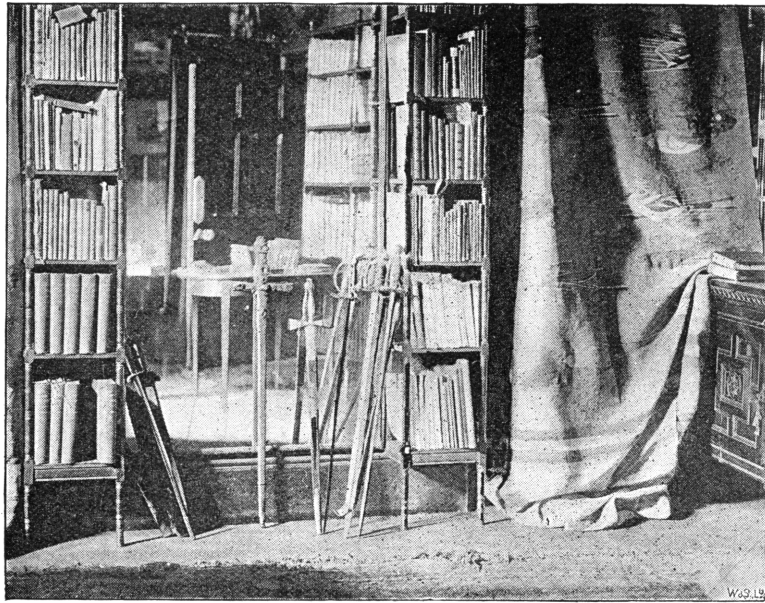
"'Is that him?—eh?' shouted one youth to another.

"'No,' came the reply, 'them is the young man's clothes; they'll shove him out later on!'"

The drift of this little story will be understood.

"Have I ever had any accidents? Only one serious one.

It was in the first run of 'Hamlet.' The sword slipped out of *Laertes'* hand and cut me near the eye. A dear friend of mine, Dr. George Critchett, was in front; he came round and stopped the bleeding by twelve hours' application of ice. Fencing? You saw my foils downstairs on the table? I never practise now, for if once learnt the art is never forgotten. I took my first



From a Photo. by]

SOME FAMOUS SWORDS AND STICKS.

[Elliott & Fry.

recognised. Mr. William Winter, the eminent dramatic critic, said: "He speaks to the soul and the imagination." But little has been said here of Miss Ellen Terry's share in the Lyceum triumphs. Mr. Irving impressed upon me the work she had done—but, I have a little note on my table as I write now. It bears the signature of Ellen Terry. For further information see a future number of this Magazine.

We spoke of many things that afternoon—on matters merry and subjects solid. Mr. Irving is never happier than when telling a story against himself.

"Many years ago," he said, "I was playing in Dublin. I was suddenly called upon to undertake a heavy part—the actor who was cast for it having been taken ill. In those days your gallery boy was a much greater conversationalist than he is now—I mean, if a couple of gallery friends were separated, they thought nothing of holding a conversa-

lessons from a man named Shury, in Chancery Lane, afterwards from Roland, in Edinburgh, and also from McTurk at Angelo's. Have I ever forgotten my part? Yes, I have. It is a curious thing that the more perfect you are in a part, the more likely you are to 'stick.' It is often the case after you have been playing the same character for a hundred or more nights. The worst part of it is that when you want the prompter he is never there.

"Give me the word," says the actor.

"What word do you want?" replies the prompter."

The day was going quickly. Mr. Irving suddenly jumped up.

"Half-past six! we must be off. Excuse me whilst I just write a line. Look at that," passing me a letter; "it came this morning. I get many more like it."

It was a letter from a footman inviting Mr.

Irving to produce an original play in blank verse which he had written !

During our drive to the theatre he told me many things of interest. On the question as to whether Mr. Irving thought a school of acting necessary, he said that one could never make an actor. You can teach him elocution, technique, but there is no *making* an actor. Even technique is a life-long study. The fashions in hand-shaking change every day. He studies his parts everywhere ; many of the characters we are seeing to-day he had within his mind years ago, and they have been developing and growing ever since. Then, after years of playing, there is still always something to learn in a character.

Mr. Irving is one of the few actors who, at the conclusion of a death scene in a tragedy, always fall forward. Mr. Irving has taken the opinion of physicians and many old soldiers on the subject, and it is the only natural way with those suddenly overtaken by death. When a man was shot his head fell on his breast, and the body always fell in the direction indicated by the head.

Just as we drove up to the private door of the theatre in Burleigh Street, Strand, I asked Mr. Irving if he had ever met the late Cardinal Manning. He never had. Yet as *Cardinal Wolsey* in "Henry the Eighth," when the actor smiles, his expression is the exact counterpart of that of the late Cardinal.

Fussie follows us in. Passing through a passage, which leads direct on to the stage, at the end we find some stairs. The walls just here are covered with Indian matting. A very few steps, and you have entered the dressing-room. It is just as cosy as it well can be. The walls are covered with pictures

and prints, including one by Maclise, and Edmund Kean by Clint. Pictures of the actor himself are not wanting, and portraits of Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, and John L. Toole are in prominent positions. The place of honour is a huge "King Arthur" chair. Here princes, poets, and politicians, men of learning and of all nationalities, have sat.

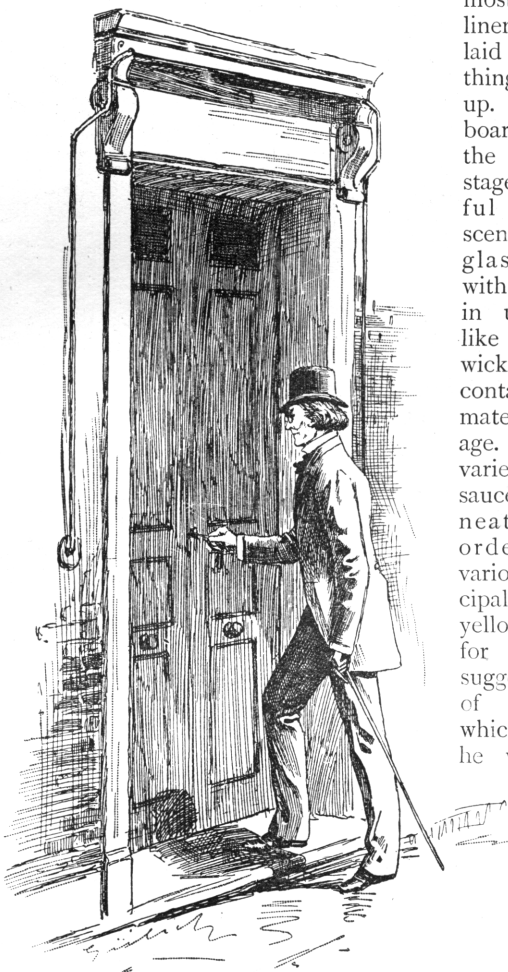
But it is the table which fascinates one

most. A clean white linen cloth has been laid out, and everything is ready for making up. Everything on the board is time-worn—the table itself being a stage "prop," and useful for banqueting scenes. The looking-glass—tied together with string—has been in use for something like twenty years ; the wicker-basket, which contains the making-up materials, is of a good age. There is quite a variety of puffs. Tiny saucers and plates are neatly arranged in order, containing various powders—principally a mixture of yellow ochre and white, for each will help to suggest the complexion of *Cardinal Wolsey*, which is the character he will play to-night. The chair—placed in front of the table—is old and rickety, but he who has just sat down keeps it for associations' sake, and it gives

more comfort than a Turkish ottoman.

Fussie never stirs from the spot.

There was still plenty of time to spare, as we had a reason for reaching the theatre early. It was to talk about dear Charles Mathews. Mr. Irving took down his picture. It was given to him by Mrs. Mathews, and represents the electrical comedian at seventy-six. It is a striking likeness ; and the face



THE PRIVATE DOOR OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

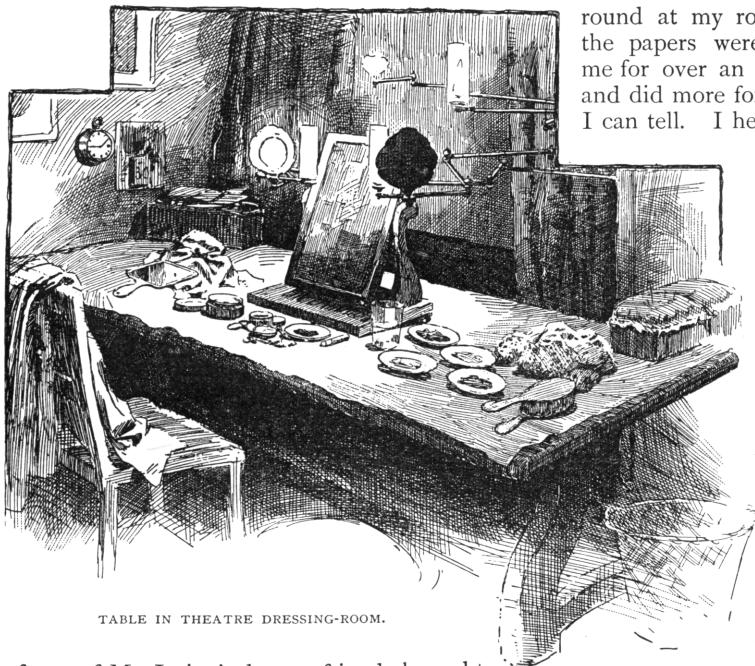


TABLE IN THEATRE DRESSING-ROOM.

round at my rooms almost as soon as the papers were out. He talked to me for over an hour, cheered me up, and did more for me in that hour than I can tell. I heard afterwards that as

soon as he read the notices in the papers at his breakfast, he got up there and then, left his meal unfinished, and hurried away.

"Mathews and I were one day looking through an album, and came across a drawing of the back of a man.

"'Lafont!' I cried.

"Mathews cried out, 'What do you know about Lafont?'

"'I've seen him act,' I replied.

"Mathews turned to me very quietly, and said: 'To that

of one of Mr. Irving's dearest friends brought many a happy reminiscence to mind.

"Ah!" said Mr. Irving, as he looked at the picture, "the brilliancy and exquisite style of Mathews have never been excelled. In my early days Mathews was a true friend to me—yes, and in the later days too. I remember when I first went to the St. James's Theatre; I went as stage manager, and there were a lot of old actors there—amongst them Frank Mathews and Walter Lacy. I was a young man amongst these old stagers. I admit to feeling nervous, and was fearful lest I might do something which the older men might resent. The first day came. All went very nicely, and we were just commencing to rehearse 'The Belle's Stratagem,' when who should skip on to the stage but Charles Mathews! Stopping the rehearsal for the moment, he rushed up to Frank Mathews and Walter Lacy.

"'Ah! Frank, my boy—Walter! One moment. My young friend, Irving—Frank, Walter. Be kind to him. Good-bye. God bless you!' And he was gone.

"Mathews had a tender heart. Here is another kindness of Mathews. I once played a part in London, and was very much cut up by the Press. Mathews was



CHARLES MATHEWS.
From the Painting in Mr. Irving's Dressing-room.



MR. HENRY IRVING AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.

man I owe all—I built myself up on him!’ The fact is,” continued Mr. Irving, “when I was playing at the St. James’s, after I had finished I would often drop into the gallery of the Princess’s Theatre and see the end of a French play. From that gallery I saw an actor, which caused me to say inwardly, ‘That’s my man.’ He was great. That actor was Lafont. That is how I recognised him in Mathews’ album.

“Mathews was always letter-perfect, and severe with the forgetful ones. Here is an instance. I was once playing at Edinburgh in ‘Bachelor of Arts.’ A certain actor was

cast for the part of *Adolphus*. Mathews, in the play, was his tutor. It was necessary for the elucidation of the plot for *Adolphus* to tell the story of his life to his tutor. The scene arrived. He did not know his part. He started and stumbled, started again and stumbled worse, until at last, thinking to get out of it, he turned to Mathews and said: ‘Well, er—if you’ll come into the next room I’ll tell you the story!’

“Mathews caught him by the coat.

“‘Sit down, sir,’ he cried, ‘sit down. There are some ladies and gentlemen in this house to-night who would like to

hear you tell that story. Never mind me. Go on.'

" 'Well, er——' began the youth.

" 'Just so,' said the irrepressible comedian, 'you wanted to tell me that you were born——'

" 'Yes,' faltered the youth.

" 'And that after spending a few years ——'

" 'Just so.'

"So Mathews filed out the whole speech for him. When he had finished he turned to the young fellow and in a voice of thunder cried:—

" 'Now you may go into the next room!'

"Here is a story just to show you the difference of opinion in two great actors. The —— came to Birmingham, where I was engaged. The play was 'A Scrap of Paper,' and I was cast for the boy's part. In this I have to challenge a man of the world to fight. He treats it as a joke, and suggests that the duel should take place in Japanese fashion, which, according to him, is to each take a knife and rush. Boy gets very fidgety at this.

"I used to take out a pocket-handkerchief to wipe my face at my prospects in the duel, and manage, at the same time, to let an

see me. I got a most severe lecture, and the orange business was forbidden. It didn't occur again.

"Some time afterwards I was at another theatre. Same piece was played; I was cast for the boy again, and Mathews was in it. As I didn't agree with the —— on the orange business, I introduced it again, believing it helped the scene. The orange was dropped. Mathews stopped and coughed.

" 'Good gracious,' I thought. 'I've bothered Mathews!'

"Still, after the play was over, no knock came to the door. On the second night, thinking I inconvenienced Mathews, I left the piece of 'business' out. That night there was a tap at the door. It was Mathews.

" 'Well, young Irving, what's the matter with you to-night?' he said; 'you're as dull as ditchwater. Where's the orange? Let's have that orange, it's the hit of the piece.'

Now Mr. Irving lays his glasses on one side—it is time to make up. By-the-bye, he considers it an advantage to the actor to be short-sighted—he doesn't see if the audience smiles at the serious parts and cries at the comic portions of the play.

The face finished, Mr. Irving resumes his glasses. The whole make-up has only taken a few minutes. That needed for *Mathias* in "The Bells" is the simplest of all such stage faces; *Shylock* is the most elaborate, occupying three-quarters of an hour, *Richelieu* and *Charles I.* ranking next. Now Mr. Irving dons the silken robes of the Cardinal—the biretta and book are close at hand. A ring is put on the finger; a final glance, and the great actor leaves the dressing-room.

I follow quietly downstairs—talking together until we reach the wings; a door opens in the scene; Mr. Irving hurriedly remarks: "I'm off," and the next moment a shout of welcome tells me that *Cardinal Wolsey* is on the stage. This wonderful

change, so sudden and complete—for he had walked straight from his room to the stage, the entrance being cleverly timed—this sudden transition from the man to the player



CLEANING THE "PROPS."

orange fall. The audience were delighted at this little bit of business. Well, the play was over the first night. A knock at my dressing-room door—Mr. and Mrs. —— wished to

was remarkable. It was so all the evening. Whilst on the stage he at once became another man; with his exit the Cardinal was completely forgotten. One moment he would be in the act of relating some merry anecdote, only to break away without a word of warning, in the midst of it, and the recollection of the story was soon lost in listening to some magnificent speech.

The opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the working of a veritable little army of stage hands behind the scenes. It is a perfect organization, and the enthusiasm displayed by the men, whether in setting a scene or brushing the crimson plush chairs in readiness for a change, seemed to tell that it was as much out of regard for the man under whom they labour as it was for wages. But, when not with Mr. Irving, I spent most of my time on a little wooden seat which has been let into the proscenium wall, and affords an excellent view of the

stage from behind. It is the favourite seat of Mr. W. E. Gladstone when he visits the Lyceum, and many other eminent men have occupied it.

I was sitting there quietly. Mr. Irving had just made his exit, and was by my side.

"Comfortable seat?" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "The Chinese Ambassador sat there one night. We were playing 'Hamlet.' Miss Terry was in the midst of her mad scene. I was just going round to see how my honoured Celestial friend was getting on. He was in the act of walking on to the stage—the playing of Miss Terry had affected him so that he was burning to congratulate her on the spot. I was only in the nick of time to hold him back; another half a foot and he would have made his 'first appearance!' I wonder what the audience would have thought of the entrance of somebody in the most gorgeous of robes, whose name was not on the programme?"

HARRY HOW.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

[We wish to draw attention to a mistake which inadvertently found its way into the Illustrated Interview, Mr. George Augustus Sala, on page 61 of our July number. It appears that Mr. Sala did not execute the bust of the baby which is given in the illustration by the side of the Dauphin's cabinet, but another one which is at Brighton. He was away from home when the photographer made the photographs for the illustration of the interview, and hence the mistake occurred of selecting Mr. Callcott's statuette, thinking it had been the one that had been described to Mr. Harry How. The one which appears in the Magazine was the work of Mr. Fred. Callcott, and was a gift by him to Mr. Sala.]

A Romance from a Detective's Case-Book.



BY DICK DONOVAN.

Author of "The Man from Manchester," "Tracked to Doom," "Caught at Last," "Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?" "A Detective's Triumphs," "In the Grip of the Law," etc., etc.

IT was a bitter night in December, now years ago, that a young and handsome man called upon me in great distress, to seek my advice and assistance. It was the third day after Christmas, and having dined, and dined well, I had ensconced myself in my favourite easy chair, before a cheerful fire, and was engaged in the perusal of Charles Dickens's, "Cricket on the Hearth," when my visitor was unceremoniously ushered into the room. He held his dripping hat in his hand, and the heavy top-coat he wore was white with snow, which was falling heavily outside. He was well proportioned, of blonde complexion, and his face at once attracted me by its frank, open expression. He had clear, honest eyes, and a graceful moustache shaded a well-formed mouth.

"Pardon me for intruding upon you," he said, in a somewhat excited tone, as he placed his wet hat on the table and began to pull off his thick woollen gloves; "but the fact is, I am in a frame of mind bordering upon distraction. Let me introduce myself, however. My name is Harold Welldom Kingsley; Welldom being an old family name. I am the

son of the late Admiral Kingsley, who, as you may possibly be aware, distinguished himself greatly in the service of his Queen and country."

"Yes," I answered. "I knew your father by reputation, and I remember that when he died some years ago his remains were



"MY VISITOR WAS UNCEREMONIOUSLY USHERED INTO THE ROOM,"

accorded a public funeral. I am pleased to make the acquaintance of the son of so distinguished a man. Pray remove your coat and be seated, and let me know in what way I can serve you."

"I am in the Admiralty Office," my visitor continued, as he divested himself of his damp coat, and placing it on the back of a chair sat down. Thereupon I pushed the shaded lamp that stood on the table nearer to him, tilting the shade slightly so that the light might fall upon his face, for it is my habit always to study the face of the person with whom I am in conversation. "And I live with my mother and two sisters at Kensington. For three years I have been engaged to a young lady, who is, I may venture to say, the sweetest woman who ever drew the breath of life."

"Ah!" I murmured, with a smile, as I closely watched my visitor, and saw his face light up with enthusiasm as he thus referred to his *fiancée*, "it is the old story: love is blind and sees no faults until too late."

"In my case it is not so," he exclaimed, with a force of emphasis that carried conviction of his perfect sincerity and a belief in his own infallible judgment. "But we will not discuss that point," he continued. "The business that has brought me here is far too serious for time to be wasted in argument. The young lady who is pledged to me as my wife is, at present, under arrest on the serious charge of having stolen some very valuable jewellery from a well-known firm of jewellers."

"That is a grave charge, indeed," I remarked, with growing interest in my visitor; "but presumably there must have been good *prima facie* evidence to justify her arrest."

"Yes," Mr. Kingsley exclaimed, with an agonized expression, "that is the most terrible part of the whole affair. I am afraid that legally the evidence will go against her; and yet morally I will stake my very soul on her innocence."

"You speak somewhat paradoxically, Mr. Kingsley," I said, with a certain amount of professional sternness, for it seemed to me he was straining to twist facts to suit his own views.

"To you it will seem so," he answered; "but if you have the patience to listen to me I will tell you the whole story, and I think you will say I am right."

I intimated that I was quite prepared to listen to anything he had to say, and leaning back in my chair with the tips of my fingers together and my eyes half closed—an attitude

I always unconsciously assume when engaged in trying to dissect some human puzzle—I waited for him to continue.

"The lady's name is Beryl Artois," he went on. "She was born in France. Her mother was an English lady highly connected; and her father was a Frenchman of independent means. They lived surrounded with every luxury in a small château, on the banks of the Seine, not far from St. Germain. Unhappily, Monsieur Artois was fatally fond of a life of ease and pleasure, and dying suddenly after a night of revel in Paris, at a *bal masque*, during the *mi-carême*, it was found that he had dissipated his fortune, and left his widow and child totally unprovided for. Even his château was mortgaged up to the hilt, and on his furniture was a bill of sale. Not wishing to be dependent on his relations, Madame Artois and her daughter came to London. Beryl at that time was only six years of age. She was a delicate girl, and needed all her mother's care and attention. For a few years Madame earned her living as a teacher of French, music and drawing, and every spare moment she had she devoted to the education and training of her daughter. Unhappily, before Beryl was twelve years of age her doting mother died, and a bachelor uncle, her mother's only brother, took Beryl under his care, and as he was well off he engaged a highly-qualified governess for her. I first became acquainted with her when she was eighteen years of age. That is now a little over six years ago; and though I have proved the soundness of the old adage which says that the course of true love never did run smooth, I have every reason to congratulate myself, for, as I have before hinted, Beryl is goodness itself."

"In what way has your wooing been ruffled?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Tamworth, her uncle, refused for some time to countenance our engagement, and threw every obstacle in the way; and as Beryl was much under his influence, she struggled between what she considered her duty to her uncle and foster father, and love for me. The love has triumphed, and Mr. Tamworth has consented to our union on condition that we wait three years, and I obtain the promotion I hope to obtain in the Government service in that time."

"This is a very pretty, even a romantic, story," I remarked; "but it is as old as the hills, and yet, like all love stories, ever new. But now for the sequel. How comes it that this well-nurtured and well-cared-for young

lady has fallen under the suspicion of being a thief?"

"Ah! that is where the mystery comes in," exclaimed Mr. Kingsley in great distress. "I ask you now, is it likely that Beryl, who has everything she requires—for her uncle is wealthy—and who would shudder at anything that by any possible means could be construed as wrong-doing, would descend to purloin jewellery from a jeweller's shop?"

I could not help smiling at what seemed to be the sweet simplicity of this love-stricken young man, nor could I refrain from saying:—



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T DRIVE ME MAD!"

"In answer to your question, Mr. Kingsley, permit me to say that the annals of crime contain many such cases. Unhappily, neither education nor moral training is sufficient safeguard against transgression, where the tendency to wrong-doing exists. In the case in point it is very possible that the lady's vanity and love of display have tempted her to her fall."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Donovan, don't drive me mad," cried my visitor, with an outburst of passionate distress that begot my fullest sympathy. "If all the angels in Heaven were to come down and proclaim Beryl's guilt, I would still believe her innocent."

"May I venture to remark," I answered, "that in all probability this sentiment does more credit to your heart than your head?"

"I tell you, sir," exclaimed Kingsley, almost fiercely, "that Beryl Artois is as innocent as you are!"

"Well, now, Mr. Kingsley," I observed, "as we have had the sentimental and poetical side of the affair, let us go into the more vulgar and prosaic part of the business. Therefore please give me a plain, straightforward answer to the questions I shall put to you. First, where does Mr. Tamworth reside?"

"He resides at Linden House, Thames. Ditton."

"You say he is well off?"

"Yes. He keeps numerous servants, rides to hounds, drives his carriage, and is very highly respected."

"Has he always been kind to his niece?"

"In every possible way, I believe."

"And has supplied her with all she has wanted?"

"Yes. I do not think any reasonable request of hers has ever been refused."

"And now, as regards the charge she has to meet. Give me full particulars of that."

"It appears that the day before yesterday she came up to town in the brougham, and drove to Whitney, Blake, and Montague, the well-known jewellers of Regent Street. There she stated that she wished to purchase a diamond bracelet for a New Year's gift, and some costly things were shown to her. But after more than an hour spent in the shop she could not make up her mind, for though she saw what she wanted, the price was higher than she cared to go to; and, before committing herself to the purchase of the article, she was anxious to consult her uncle, since she is necessarily dependent upon him for her pocket-money. Consequently, she told the assistant in the shop that she would call again the next day and decide. She thereupon took her departure, and entered the brougham, but had not proceeded very far before the assistant tore down the street, accompanied by a policeman, overtook the brougham, which had been brought to a standstill owing to the congested traffic, and accused Miss Artois of having purloined a

diamond pendant worth nearly a thousand pounds. Of course, she most indignantly denied it. But the shopman insisted on giving her in charge."

"And was the pendant found either in the brougham or on her person?"

"Oh, dear, no. Miss Artois begged that the policeman and the shopman would get into the brougham, and that they should drive straight to Scotland Yard. This was done; and though the young lady and the brougham were alike searched, the pendant was not forthcoming. Nevertheless, the shopman persisted in his accusation, and so there was no alternative but to place Miss Artois under arrest."

"This is a very remarkable story," I answered, "and may prove a very serious business indeed for the firm of jewellers if they cannot justify their charge."

"They will never be able to do that," said

night, but immediately after breakfast the following morning I jumped into a hansom and drove Whitney, Blake, and Montague's place. As everyone knows, they are a firm of world-wide renown, and I could not imagine them committing such a grave error as to accuse a lady of theft, unless they had very strong reason for believing they were right. I requested an interview with Mr. Whitney, and his version of the affair was substantially the same as that told to me by Mr. Kingsley.

"Of course," added Mr. Whitney, "we rely entirely upon the statement of our manager, Mr. John Coleman, who attended to the lady. Mr. Coleman, I may inform you, has been with the firm since he was seventeen years of age, and he is now over fifty. And as he is a partner in the firm, our faith in him is justified. However, you shall see Coleman and judge for yourself."



"HE GAVE ME HIS ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR."

Kingsley, warmly, "and you may depend upon it, they will have to pay dearly for their error. They maintain, however, that they have certainly lost the jewel; that no one else could possibly have taken it except Miss Artois; and that she must have managed to secrete it in some way. The whole charge, however, is preposterous, and I wish you to thoroughly prove the young lady's innocence in order that an action may be commenced against Whitney, Blake, and Montague."

Promising my visitor that I would do my utmost in his interests, he took his departure, and then, lighting a cigar, I fell to pondering on this—as I had to admit to myself—very remarkable case, assuming that all the facts were as stated by Mr. Kingsley.

It was too late to take any steps that

Mr. Whitney sounded his bell and requested that Mr. Coleman would come to the room. In a few minutes Coleman entered. He at once struck me as being a very shrewd, keen-eyed man of business. And without any unnecessary verbiage he gave me his account of the affair; according to which he devoted special attention to the young lady, as he thought she was going to be a good customer. There were other customers in the shop at the time, but he conducted her to one end of the counter where there was no one else. She caused him a good deal of trouble, and looked at a large number of things, but did not seem to know her own mind; and at last went away without purchasing anything.

For some few moments just before she

left, his attention was drawn off by one of the assistants coming to him to ask a question, and during that time he had little doubt she availed herself of the opportunity to abstract the pendant from the jewel tray upon which he had displayed the things for her inspection.

On her deciding not to purchase then, he placed the tray temporarily in the glass case on the counter, locked the case, putting the key in his pocket, and then conducted Miss Artois to her brougham. He was certainly not absent more than five minutes. By that time there were very few people in the shop, and he proceeded immediately to the case, took out the tray and began to sort the jewels preparatory to restoring them to their respective positions amongst the stock. It was then he missed the pendant which Miss Artois had examined with eager interest, and had asked him many questions about the quality of the stones, their intrinsic value, and their setting. The pendant had originally been made to the order of a lady of title from specially selected stones; but she died before the order was completed, and her executors declined to take the pendant, and, therefore, in order to dispose of it quickly, the firm had offered it for sale at the low price of one thousand pounds.

As soon as he discovered the loss Mr. Coleman ran out of the shop and down the street, and passing a policeman on the way, he demanded his services. As it was the busiest part of the day there was a great deal of traffic, and Miss Artois' brougham had been unable to proceed very far. So convinced was he in his own mind that she was guilty, that though he was fully alive to the risks he ran if he made a mistake, he did not hesitate to give her into custody, and he was quite prepared to stand or fall by his act.

Although I subjected Mr. Coleman to a very close questioning, I could not shake his evidence in any way. I pointed out to him that there was one serious fact in connection with the case, and that was, he had failed to find the pendant either in the brougham or on Miss Artois' person; and that, however morally certain he might be that the young lady was guilty, no magistrate would convict her on such evidence.

"I am aware of that," answered Mr. Coleman, "but I have employed Detective Spieglemann, of Scotland Yard, to make some inquiries about the lady, and he informs me that on various occasions when she has visited the shops of well-known tradesmen, goods have afterwards been missed. The victims

have almost invariably been jewellers, and the property purloined has generally been of great value."

"If that is correct there is *prima facie* evidence," I answered; "but still, suspicion is not proof, and unless you have something better to offer, I have no hesitation in saying you will fail to secure a conviction."

Mr. Coleman appeared, for the first time, to be a little disconcerted, and I fancied that I detected signs in his face that he felt he had been somewhat hasty. Nevertheless, he reasserted his belief that the young lady was guilty, though he was utterly unable to suggest what had become of the stolen pendant. Female searchers had subjected Miss Artois to the most rigorous examination, and every nook and cranny of the brougham had been searched.

"May I ask, Mr. Coleman, if Spieglemann was present when the search was made?" I inquired pointedly.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Coleman. "He happened to be in the Yard at the time, and conducted the search."

"Indeed. And did he think of searching the coachman who drove the brougham?"

As I asked this question, a pallor of alarm spread itself over Coleman's face, and he and Mr. Whitney looked at each other, as each saw, for the first time, that a grave oversight had been committed.

Detective Spieglemann was a German, who had long been attached to the force of Scotland Yard. But though he bore the reputation of being almost preternaturally acute, I had never been able to regard him in any other light than as a very ordinary person, whose German stolidity prevented him from getting out of well-worn grooves.

Of course this expression of opinion will be denounced as mere professional jealousy, but I shall be able to justify my view by hard and indisputable facts.

I have always maintained that the unravelling of anything like a mystery is capable of being elevated to the position of a fine art. Spieglemann, on the other hand, asserted that the whole process was merely a mechanical one, and that only a mechanical mind could succeed. On these points we totally differed, and as I had frequently had the good fortune to be successful where my rival had failed, I was entitled to claim that my process was the correct one. Mr. Coleman's answer was another item of evidence in my favour. He confessed with unmistakable concern that the coachman had not been searched, and that nobody had

suggested that he should be. In fact, no suspicion had fallen upon him. I really could not resist something like a smile as I remarked:—

"That was really a most extraordinary oversight, and may prove very serious for you. For, assuming that you are right, and that Spieglemann is right in his statement that the lady lies under suspicion of having been concerned in other cases of a similar kind, is it not highly probable that the coachman has been in collusion with her, and she passed the stolen property to him? If this is not so, how did she get rid of the pendant? Nothing is truer than that in criminal cases it is the seemingly improbable that is most probable.

"Certainly, on the face of it nothing could seem more improbable than that a young lady, well connected and well off, afflicted with kleptomania, should make a confidant of her coachman. Yet it is the most probable thing imaginable, but both you and Spieglemann have overlooked it."

Mr. Coleman was perfectly crestfallen, and freely admitted that a very grave oversight had been committed. Thanking him and Mr. Whitney I withdrew, and it was perfectly clear to me that I left the two gentlemen in a very different frame of mind to what they had been in when I first saw them.

In passing all the facts, as I now knew them, under review, I could not deny that circumstances looked dark against Miss Artois; and putting aside the possibility that somebody else might have stolen the pendant, I admitted the strong probability that she was in reality the thief. That being so, the idea struck me—and it evidently had not struck anyone else, not even the renowned Spieglemann—that she was a confederate, more likely than not a victim, of the coachman. On this supposition I determined to act, and my next step was to seek an interview with

Miss Artois, in order that I might form some opinion of her from personal knowledge. I obtained this interview through the solicitors who had been engaged on her behalf by her devoted lover, Harold Kingsley. Although prepared to find her good looking, I certainly was not prepared for the type of beauty she represented.

I don't think I ever looked upon a more perfect, a sweeter, and I will go so far as to say a more angelic face than she possessed, while her form and mould were such that an artist would have gone into raptures about her. I was informed that she had undergone a preliminary examination before the police magistrate, who had remanded her without bail, although bail had been offered to an unlimited amount by her uncle; but the magistrate had stated that he would consider the question of bail the next time she came before him.

As I entered the little cell she occupied at the police station, and introduced myself, giving her to understand at the same time that I was there by request of Mr. Kingsley, she rose from the table at which she had been sitting engaged in the perusal of a book, which I subsequently discovered to be a well-thumbed, dilapidated, and somewhat dirty copy of Moore's *Lallah Rookh*; and bowing with exquisite grace she said in a low, musical, and touchingly pathetic voice:—

"It is good of you to come, and more than kind of Mr. Kingsley to send you; but I am sorry that you have come, and I wish that you would leave me without another word."

Her soft, gazelle-like eyes, although apparently bent upon me, had a far-away look in them; and she spoke as a person in a trance might speak.

Altogether there was something about her that at once aroused my curiosity and interest.

"That is a somewhat strange wish, Miss Artois," I answered. "I am here in your



"SHE ROSE FROM THE TABLE."

interest; and surely you cannot be indifferent to the grave charge that is hanging over you."

"I am not indifferent," she murmured, with a deep sigh.

"Then let me urge you to confide in your solicitors," I said, "and withhold nothing from them that may enable them to prepare your defence."

"I shall confide in no one," she replied in the same indifferent, same sweetly pathetic tone.

"But think of the consequences," I urged.

"I have thought of everything."

"Remember also, Miss Artois, your silence and refusal to give information will be tantamount to a tacit confession of guilt."

For a moment her dreamy eyes seemed to lose their dreaminess and to be expressive of an infinite pain, as she answered with quite a fiery energy—

"I am *not* guilty!" She laid peculiar emphasis on the word "*not*."

"Then," said I, quickly, "do all you possibly can to prove your guiltlessness"—and in order that there should be no ambiguity in my meaning, I added—"if you are the victim of anyone, for Heaven's sake let it be known. For the sake of your lover conceal not the truth."

"For the sake of my lover and the love I bear him I will die," she murmured, with the dreaminess which seemed peculiar to her.

"Then withhold nothing from your solicitors," I repeated.

"Go!" she said, peremptorily, as she sank into her seat again, and resumed her reading.

"Have you no message to send to Mr. Kingsley?" I asked.

"Go!" she repeated, without looking at me.

"Let me take some comforting word from you to Mr. Kingsley," I entreated.

She made no reply, but apparently was deeply absorbed in the book. Feeling that it would be useless to remain any longer, I withdrew, and as I did so she did not even look up from the book, nor did she make any response when I bade her adieu.

I had promised to call upon Mr. Kingsley and acquaint him with the result of my interview with Miss Artois; and I carried out this promise with a sense of distress that I could hardly describe, because I was quite unable to give him the assurance he so much wanted that his *fiancée* was guiltless. Guiltless she was, in one sense, I was sure; but I was conscious of the fact that I was confronted with as complicated a human

problem as I had ever been called upon to find a solution of.

I put the best face I could on matters while talking to young Kingsley; and on leaving him I felt convinced that my first surmise with reference to the coachman being a party to the robbery was a correct one. I had not been slow to determine that Miss Artois' temperament was one of those deeply sympathetic and poetic ones which are peculiarly subject to the influence of stronger wills.

In short, I came to the conclusion that the coachman was the really guilty person, and Miss Artois was his victim. He—in my opinion—had exercised some strange mesmeric influence over her, and she had been entirely under his sway. I was confirmed in this view when I learnt that the great Spieglemann had gathered up a mass of circumstantial evidence which tended to prove that Miss Artois had been in the habit for a long time of visiting some of the leading tradesmen in all quarters of London, and that these tradesmen had been robbed of property which in the aggregate represented many thousands of pounds.

It was altogether a peculiar case, as it presented two startling phases of human nature; and if Miss Artois had sinned, she had sinned not because her inclinations tended that way, but because her non-resisting, sympathetic nature had been made an instrument for the profit and gain of a debased and wicked man who did not scruple to use this beautiful girl as a means to an end.

My next step was to hurry off to the Lindens at Thames Ditton, in order that I might get full particulars from Mr. Tamworth of his coachman, before having the man arrested. The Lindens was a large house, standing in its own grounds, and everything about the place was suggestive of wealth and comfort. I was ushered into an elegantly furnished drawing-room, and a few minutes later the door opened, and a little, podgy, bald-headed man, wearing gold eye-glasses, and dressed in a large patterned dressing gown and Turkish slippers, entered, and eyed me with a pair of strangely keen and hawk-like eyes. It was Mr. Tamworth, and in many respects he was a striking and remarkable man, for his face was strongly marked, his eyes of unusual, almost unnatural brilliancy, the mouth firm, the square jaw indicative of an iron will. He was perfectly clean shaved, so that every feature, every line and angle were thrown into stronger prominence.

I had not sent my name up to him, but simply an urgent message that a gentleman wished to see him on very pressing and important business.

"Whom have I the pleasure to address?" he inquired as he bowed stiffly.

"My name is Dick Donovan," I answered. "I am ——"

He interrupted me by exclaiming :—

"Oh, yes, I have heard of you. You are a detective." I bowed. "Presumably," he continued, "you have come here in connection with the case of my dear niece?" He seemed to be overcome by emotion, and turning towards the window he applied a large bandana handkerchief to his eyes.

"I am not indifferent to the fact," I answered, "that the subject is necessarily a delicate and painful one. But from an interview I had with your niece I am forced to the conclusion that she is only guilty in degree."

"How do you mean?" he asked, turning quickly towards me, with an expression of mental suffering on his face.

"I mean that she is a victim to the machinations of a villain."

"A victim," he echoed, hoarsely. "A victim to whom?"

"To your coachman."

He almost reeled at this announcement, and passed his hand over his bald head in a confused, distressed way; and then, with something like a wail he exclaimed :—

"My God, this is an awful revelation."

He rushed towards the bell and was about to ring it when I stopped him by saying :—

"What are you going to do?"

"Send for Tupper, the coachman."

"Wait a bit," I said. "I should like to have some particulars of Tupper. What is his Christian name?"

"John."

"Has he been with you long?"

"Just twelve months, I think."

"Have you ever had occasion to suspect his honesty?"

"Never for a single instant."

"Is he married?"

"I cannot tell you. I absolutely know nothing about his family affairs."

"Well now, I have a suggestion to make, Mr. Tamworth. I should like you to send for Tupper, and question him closely about what happened on the day that the pendant

was stolen. And particularly I would like you to put this question to him, after you have skilfully led up to it: 'Is it possible, Tupper, that my unhappy and misguided niece handed you the pendant, and you know what has become of it?'"

"I will do so," answered Mr. Tamworth, as he went towards the bell.

"Stop a minute, sir," I said. "There is one other important point. It is desirable that Tupper should not see me. Can you conceal me behind that screen in the corner, and in such a position that I can see without being seen? And you must not forget to place Tupper in such a way that I can get a full view of his face."

"I don't think there will be any difficulty in that," Mr. Tamworth answered, and he requested me to follow him behind the screen. I did so, and taking out his penknife he bored a hole in one leaf of the screen, so that anyone looking through the hole commanded a full view of the room.

"There," he said, "I think that will answer your

purpose. And now we will have the old villain here."

He rang the bell, and a very respectable-looking man-servant appeared.

"Robert," said Mr. Tamworth, peremptorily, "send the coachman here."

"Tupper's away, sir."

"Away!"

"Yes. He went out last night and didn't come back."



"MR. TAMWORTH."

"Where has he gone to?" roared Mr. Tamworth, in his excitement.

"I haven't the remotest idea, sir," answered Robert.

"The double-dyed villain," hissed Mr. Tamworth between his clenched teeth. "The double-dyed villain," he repeated. "But by Heaven he shall be brought back, even if it takes all my fortune to effect his capture. That will do, Robert. You may go."

As the man took his departure and closed the door, I stepped from behind the screen. Mr. Tamworth seemed terribly distressed.

"This is an awful bit of business," he exclaimed; "you see the arch villain has anticipated this discovery and bolted. What is to be done now?"

"We must arrest him in his flight," was my answer. "And to facilitate that you must furnish me with a full description of him."

"Unless the rascal has removed it," said Mr. Tamworth, "his likeness hangs over the mantelpiece, in his room above the stable. I will go and get it. You will excuse me."

He hurried from the room, and was absent nearly a quarter of an hour. Then he returned bearing a framed photograph in his hand. It was the likeness of a short, thick-set man in coachman's garb. He had grey whiskers and moustache, and grey hair; and rather a scowling expression of face. I asked Mr. Tamworth if it was a good likeness of John Tupper, and he assured me it was a most excellent likeness.

Promising Mr. Tamworth to do all I could to effect Tupper's arrest, I left Linden House, taking the photograph with me. As soon as I got back to London I hailed a hansom and drove to Whitney, Blake, and Montague's.

"My surmise about the coachman is correct," I said, as I showed them the likeness, and told them that the man had fled. They acknowledged that the likeness was a very striking one, and as I intended to have it reproduced and sent broadcast all over the country, I was hopeful that I should be able to speedily bring about Tupper's arrest.

I lost no time in putting the photo. in hand for reproduction, and in the meantime Miss Artois was again brought up before the magistrate, and in view of the facts the

solicitors were able to lay before him with reference to Tupper's flight, he no longer hesitated to admit the young lady to bail, her uncle being accepted for two thousand pounds. Two days after her release, young Kingsley called upon me again. He was terribly agitated, and throwing himself into a chair he rocked himself to and fro, and groaned with the anguish that tortured him. When he had somewhat calmed down, he exclaimed in a voice that was broken up with the passion of his grief:—



"JOHN TUPPER."

"Mr. Donovan, help me with your advice, or I think I shall go mad. And above all, do not betray the confidence I am going to repose in you." I assured him that he might trust me, and he proceeded.

"Miss Artois came to me yesterday, and acknowledged that she was an unconscious victim in this terrible business, and said that I must give her up. In spite of my entreaties, my prayers, my tears, she most resolutely declined to tell me whose victim she was, and with a great shudder she said her lips were sealed with a seal she dare not break. I urged her to fly with me. I told

her we would be married at once, and seek some corner of the earth where she would be safe, and her answer was that nowhere in the world would she be safe except in the grave."

"You did wrong in urging her to fly," I answered.

"I care not. Wrong, or no wrong, I will take her," he cried, passionately. "I tell you, Mr. Donovan, that there is some hideous mystery about this affair, and I will move heaven and earth to save Miss Artois from the machination that is destroying her body and soul."

"Your devotion, your chivalry do you infinite credit," I replied. "Miss Artois shall be saved if it is possible to save her, but, believe me, she cannot be saved by flight. She must remain here subject to the law. To defy the law will be a fatal mistake."

Although he did not seem to be quite convinced of the soundness of my advice, he promised to be entirely guided by me, and in a little while he took his departure, and then I sat down to reflect and ponder, and endeavour to unravel the threads of this tangled skein. One thing I resolved on was to go down to Thames Ditton early on the morrow, and have an interview with Miss Artois in the presence of her uncle. In a little while my servant entered the room and handed me a postal packet, which, on opening, I found was from the lithographers who were reproducing the photograph. It contained the original and a note to say that the reproductions would be ready for distribution the first thing in the morning.

Placing the photo. of Tupper on the table, I lit my pipe, and once more throwing myself in my favourite easy chair, I tried by the aid of smoke to solve the mystery surrounding Miss Artois. Presently I found myself almost unconsciously gazing on the photo. that lay on the table, in the full rays of the shaded lamp. Suddenly that face presented itself to me as one I had seen before; and I beat my brains, so to speak, to try and think where and when. "Whose face is it? Where have I seen it?" This was the question that, mentally, I repeated over and over again.

After much cogitation, I threw away the stump of my cigar, went to my desk, and taking out a powerful magnifying glass, I returned to the table, and examined the likeness of John Tupper by means of the glass, until suddenly, like an inspiration, it flashed upon me where and when I had seen

the face. It is not often I get excited, but I think I did on that occasion, for I felt certain that I had got hold of a clue to the mystery. I did not sleep much that night, and was up betimes in the morning, and hastened to call upon Mr. Kingsley, to assure him that I believed I was in a fair way to solve the mystery, and I hoped all would be well with Miss Artois.

A week later, on as dark and stormy a night in January as had been known during that winter, I was in an upper room in an old, untenanted house in the Borough. The owner of the house was Mr. Tamworth, of Thames Ditton. Stretched at full length on the dusty floor, with my eye glued to a hole that enabled me to command a view of the room beneath, I was witness of one of the most remarkable and dramatic scenes I had ever looked upon. Thirteen men were in the room, seated at a long deal table. Six sat on one side, six on the other. The thirteenth sat at the head, and was evidently the president. Every man's face was concealed by a hood that entirely covered up the head, two holes being pierced for the eyes. Before the president was a china bowl, and laid across the bowl was a naked dagger.

A small lamp was suspended from the ceiling and threw a feeble light over the scene. In a few minutes one of the men arose and placed a bull's-eye lantern on a shelf in a corner of the room, and in such a position that its rays fell full upon the doorway. That done the president rapped on the table with a wooden mallet. Then the door opened and three men appeared. Two were hooded like the rest. The third was not hooded, and was placed at the end of the table opposite the president, and so that the light of the bull's-eye fell full upon his face. It was a cruel, cunning, almost fierce face. The man was without coat or waistcoat, and his shirt was opened and turned down, exposing his breast, while round his neck was a rope with the free end hanging behind. In a few minutes the president rose, and addressing the bareheaded man, said:—

"Your name is Henry Beechworth?"

"It is."

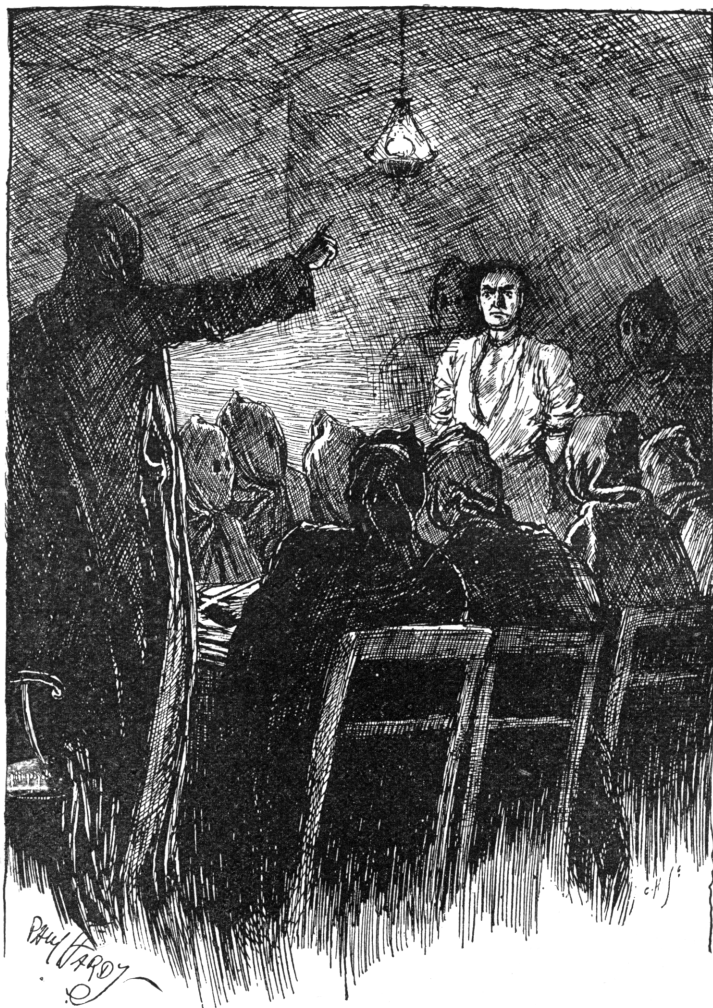
"Are you willing, Henry Beechworth, to join the Black Brotherhood?"

"I am."

"And you are willing to take the oath that will bind you to us?"

"I am."

"Then listen, and I will read the oath to you." Here the president unrolled a little



"YOUR NAME IS HENRY BEECHWORTH?"

scroll of paper he had held in his hand, and read out as follows:—

"I, Henry Beechworth, hereby of my own free will join the Black Brotherhood, and I vow solemnly by heaven and earth to be true to them, and never utter a single word or give a sign that would be likely to betray any individual of the Brotherhood, or the Brotherhood collectively. And that at any time, should I be arrested, I will give no information against the Brothers, even though my life is at stake. Everything I obtain I will add to the common treasury, and I will at all times be subject to the ruling of the president, whoever he may be. These things I swear to do; and should at any time I break my oath, I hope that I shall go blind. I am aware that the rope I now have round my

neck is a symbol that in the event of my betraying the Brotherhood their vengeance will pursue me to the ends of the earth, and that my life will be forfeited."

"You have heard what I have read?" asked the president.

"I have," answered Beechworth.

"And you will subscribe your name to it?"

"I will."

Here the president made a sign, and one of the two hooded men at the head of the table approached, and receiving the bowl and the dagger, he returned to the novice, who, instructed by the president, bent forward. Then the man took up the dagger and with its sharp point made a wound in the fleshy part of the novice's breast. Beechworth then bent right over the bowl, so that the

blood dropped into it. And when a little had thus been caught, a new quill pen was dipped into it, and handed to Beechworth, who thereupon wrote his name with his own blood on the scroll. This senseless ceremony ended, the wound in the man's breast was sponged, a piece of plaster placed upon it, and he was told that he was now one of the Black Brotherhood, and that his interests were bound up with theirs, and that he must stand or fall with them.

"It only remains now for me to give you the sign," the president added, "by which you may always know a Brother. It is changed every month. For the current month it is the index finger of the left hand placed in the palm of the right hand, thus." Here he gave a practical illustration of how it was to be done. "Then we have a pass-word, also changed every month. The one in use at present is 'Creasus.' We meet here again in three weeks' time, when you will be expected to contribute to the common fund value or money to the extent of a hundred pounds."

The business being ended, all the members of this precious Brotherhood removed their hoods, and the hand of the new member was shaken by the others. Amongst them I recognised the fellow called Robert, who had acted the part of the servant at Linden House when I went there. In a little while the lights were extinguished and the Brotherhood commenced to leave the house, and as they reached the street, to their utter amazement and consternation they were arrested, for the house was surrounded by a cordon of policemen.

It will, of course, be asked how it was I managed to unearth the secrets of the strange society, whose members were banded together with the sole object of enriching themselves by plundering their fellow-men. The question is easily answered. On the night when it dawned upon me that I had seen the face represented by the photograph of John Tupper somewhere before, I was enabled to detect by aid of the magnifying glass that the whiskers were not natural. There were two or three places where the hair did not adhere to the face. I came to the conclusion at once that Tupper was none other than Tamworth, disguised by false whiskers and moustache, and a wig. The dark piercing eyes, too, I was perfectly convinced were Tamworth's eyes. It was naturally a very startling discovery, and I immediately took steps to prove it right or wrong. For several days I shadowed Mr. Tamworth, and at last followed him to the old house in the Borough.

Later on I obtained entrance to the house by means of a false key. In a drawer in a table I found a written circular summoning a meeting for a certain night; and I resolved not only to witness that meeting, but as there could not be a shadow of a doubt that the Black Brotherhood, as they chose to call themselves, met for an unlawful purpose, I took means to have every man jack of them arrested.

At first when the news leaked out people were inclined to think that the Brotherhood was a hoax, but the revelations that were gradually made of their doings caused intense excitement throughout the country. Not only were they bound together by oath, which each man signed with his blood, but they had a formal set of rules and regulations for their guidance. Tamworth was the president, and he, with two others, took charge of all the things that were stolen.

Periodically this property was conveyed to the Continent by some of the members, and there disposed of; the proceeds of the sales being equally divided. In the event of a man being arrested the Brotherhood secretly provided funds for his defence; and if it was a bailable case the bail was always forthcoming, but the accused invariably disappeared unless he felt pretty sure he would only get a light sentence.

The Brotherhood owed its origin and success entirely to the arch villain Tamworth, who had, by some strange mesmeric influence he possessed, been enabled to obtain entire control over the will of his unfortunate niece, Beryl Artois. In order to keep up this influence, he drove his own brougham disguised as a coachman, and whatever she obtained she handed to him immediately and he concealed it. Of course, nothing bulky was ever taken on such occasions. The plunder was either precious stones or jewellery.

In spite of their oath, three of the gang turned Queen's evidence, and the conviction of the rest was secured. Tamworth, as the ringleader, was sentenced for life, and the others were dealt with only a little less severely. Tamworth was one of the most accomplished and consummate villains I ever had to deal with; while his power of acting a part, and of concealing his true feelings, was simply marvellous, and would have enabled him to have made a fortune if he had gone upon the stage.

In the face of the exposure I was thus enabled to make, and which left not the slightest doubt that poor Miss Artois had



"THEY WERE ARRESTED."

been an unconscious victim of the strange power possessed by her uncle, she was, after being committed for trial and duly tried, acquitted, and her faithful lover, Kingsley, lost no time in making her his wife. And as

great sympathy was shown for him and her, a position was found for him abroad, whither he removed with his beautiful bride until time should have wiped the scandal out of the public memory.

Types of English Beauty.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

MISS HOPE TEMPLE.



MISS TAYLOR.

MISS HEATON

MISS ROSE MURRAY.



MRS. WEBB.

MISS NORAH
WILLIAMSON.

MISS MARION HOOD.

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.



MISS ANSELL.



MISS REYNOLDS.

TAYLOR & CO.

The Prisoners.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.



HERE was no sound in the forest except the slight rustle of the snow as it fell upon the trees. It had been falling, small and fine, since mid-day; it powdered the branches with a frosty moss, cast a silver veil over the dead leaves in the hollow, and spread upon the pathways a great, soft, white carpet that thickened the immeasurable silence amid this ocean of trees.

Before the door of the keeper's lodge stood a bare-armed young woman, chopping wood with an axe upon a stone. She was tall, thin and strong—a child of the forest, a daughter and wife of game-keepers.

A voice called from within the house: "Come in, Berthine; we are alone to-night, and it is getting dark. There may be Prussians or wolves about."

She who was chopping wood replied by splitting another block; her bosom rose and fell with the heavy blows, each time she lifted her arm.

"I have finished, mother. I'm here, I'm here. There's nothing to be frightened at; it isn't dark yet."

Then she brought in her fagots and her logs, and piled

them up at the chimney-side, went out again to close the shutters—enormous shutters of solid oak—and then, when she again came in, pushed the heavy bolts of the door.

Her mother was spinning by the fire, a wrinkled old woman who had grown timorous with age.

"I don't like father to be out," said she. "Two women have no strength."

The younger answered: "Oh, I could very well kill a wolf or a Prussian, I can tell you." And she turned her eyes to a large revolver, hanging over the fire-place. Her husband had been put into the army at the beginning of the Prussian invasion, and the

two women had remained alone with her father, the old game-keeper, Nicholas Pichou, who had obstinately refused to leave his home and go into the town.

The nearest town was Rethel, an old fortress perched on a rock. It was a patriotic place, and the townspeople had resolved to resist the invaders, to close their gates and stand a siege, according to the traditions of the city. Twice before, under Henry IV. and under Louis XIV., the inhabitants of Rethel had won fame by heroic defences. They would do the



"COME IN, BERTHINE."

same, this time ; by Heaven, they would, or they would be burned within their walls.

So they had bought cannons and rifles, and equipped a force, and formed battalions and companies, and they drilled all day long in the Place d'Armes. All of them—bakers, grocers, butchers, notaries, attorneys, carpenters, booksellers, even the chemists—went through their manœuvres in due rotation at regular hours, under the orders of M. Lavigne, who had once been a non-commissioned officer in the dragoons, and now was a draper, having married the daughter and inherited the shop of old M. Ravaudan.

He had taken the rank of major in command of the place, and all the young men having gone to join the army, he enrolled all the others who were eager for resistance. The stout men now walked the streets at the pace of professional pedestrians, in order to bring down their fat, and to lengthen their breath ; the weak ones carried burdens, in order to strengthen their muscles.

The Prussians were expected. But the Prussians did not appear. Yet they were not far off ; for their scouts had already twice pushed across the forest as far as Nicholas Pichou's lodge.

The old keeper, who could run like a fox, had gone to warn the town. The guns had been pointed, but the enemy had not shown.

The keeper's lodge served as a kind of outpost in the forest of Aveline. Twice a week the man went for provisions, and carried to the citizens news from the outlying country.

He had gone that day to announce that a small detachment of German infantry had stopped at his house, the day before, about two in the afternoon, and had gone away again almost directly. The subaltern in command spoke French.

When the old man went on such errands he took with him his two dogs—two great beasts with the jaws of lions—because of the wolves who were beginning to get fierce ; and he left his two women, advising them to lock themselves into the house as soon as night began to fall.

The young one was afraid of nothing, but the old one kept on trembling and repeating : "It will turn out badly, all this sort of thing. You'll see, it will turn out badly."

This evening she was more anxious even than usual.

"Do you know what time your father will come back ?" said she.

"Oh, not before eleven for certain. When he dines with the Major he is always late."

She was hanging her saucepan over the

fire to make the soup, when she stopped short, listened to a vague sound which had reached her by way of the chimney, and murmured :—

"There's someone walking in the wood—seven or eight men at least."

Her mother, alarmed, stopped her wheel and muttered : "Oh, good Lord ! And father not here !"

She had not finished speaking when violent blows shook the door.

The women made no answer, and a loud guttural voice called out : "Open the door."

Then, after a pause, the same voice repeated : "Open the door, or I'll break it in."

Then Berthine slipped into her pocket the big revolver from over the mantelpiece, and having put her ear to the crack of the door, asked : "Who are you ?"

The voice answered : "I am the detachment that came the other day."

The woman asked again : "What do you want ?"

"I have lost my way, ever since the morning, in the forest, with my detachment. Open the door, or I will break it in."

The keeper's wife had no choice ; she promptly drew the great bolt, and pulling back the door she beheld six men in the pale snow-shadows—six Prussian men, the same who had come the day before. She said in a firm tone : "What do you want here at this time of night ?"

The officer answered : "I had lost my way, lost it completely ; I recognised the house. I have had nothing to eat since the morning, nor my men either."

Berthine replied : "But I am all alone with mother, this evening."

The soldier, who seemed a good sort of fellow, answered : "That makes no difference. I shall not do any harm ; but you must give us something to eat. We are faint and tired to death."

The keeper's wife stepped back.

"Come in," said she.

They came in, powdered with snow and with a sort of mossy cream on their helmets that made them look like meringues. They seemed tired, worn out.

The young woman pointed to the wooden benches on each side of the big table.

"Sit down," said she, "and I'll make you some soup. You do look quite knocked up."

Then she bolted the door again.

She poured some more water into her saucepan, threw in more butter and potatoes ; then, unhooking a piece of bacon that hung in the chimney, she cut off half, and added



"THEY CAME IN, POWDERED WITH SNOW."

that also to the stew. The eyes of the six men followed her every movement with an air of awakened hunger. They had set their guns and helmets in a corner, and sat waiting on their benches, like well-behaved school children. The mother had begun to spin again, but she threw terrified glances at the invading soldiers. There was no sound except the slight purring of the wheel, the crackle of the fire, and the bubbling of the water as it grew hot.

But all at once a strange noise made them all start—something like a hoarse breathing at the door, the breathing of an animal, deep and snorting.

One of the Germans had sprung towards the guns. The woman with a movement and a smile stopped him.

"It is the wolves," said she. "They are like you; they are wandering about, hungry."

The man would hardly believe, he wanted to see for himself; and as soon as the door was opened, he perceived two great grey beasts making off at a quick, long trot.

He came back to his seat, murmuring: "I should not have believed it."

And he sat waiting for his meal.

They ate voraciously; their mouths opened from ear to ear to take the largest of gulps;

their round eyes opened sympathetically with their jaws, and their swallowing was like the gurgle of rain in a water pipe.

The two silent women watched the rapid movements of the great red beards; the potatoes seemed to melt away into these moving fleeces.

Then, as they were thirsty, the keeper's wife went down into the cellar to draw cider for them. She was a long time gone; it was a little vaulted cellar, said to have served both as prison and hiding-place in the days of the Revolution. The way down was by a narrow winding stair, shut in by a trap-door at the end of the kitchen.

When Berthine came back, she was laughing, laughing slyly to herself. She gave the Germans her pitcher of drink. Then she too had her supper, with her mother, at the other end of the kitchen.

The soldiers had finished eating and were falling asleep, all six, around the table. From time to time, a head would fall heavily on the board, then the man, starting awake, would sit up.

Berthine said to the officer: "You may just as well lie down here before the fire. There's plenty of room for six. I'm going up to my room with my mother."

The two women went to the upper floor. They were heard to lock their door and to walk about for a little while, then they made no further sound.

The Prussians stretched themselves on the stone floor, their feet to the fire, their heads on their rolled-up cloaks, and soon all six were snoring on six different notes, sharp or deep, but all sustained and alarming.

They had certainly been asleep for a considerable time when a shot sounded, and so loud that it seemed to be fired close against the walls of the house. The soldiers sat up instantly. There were two more shots, and then three more.

The door of the staircase opened hastily, and the keeper's wife appeared, barefooted, a short petticoat over her nightdress, a candle in her hand, and a face of terror. She whispered: "Here are the French—two hundred of them at least. If they find you here, they will burn the house. Go down, quick, into the cellar, and don't make a noise. If you make a noise, we are lost." The officer, scared, murmured: "I will, I will. Which way do we go down?"

The young woman hurriedly raised the narrow square trap-door, and the men disappeared by the winding stair, one after another going underground, backwards, so as

to feel the steps with their feet. But when the point of the last helmet had disappeared, Berthine, shutting down the heavy oaken plank, thick as a wall, and hard as steel, kept in place by clamps and a padlock, turned the key twice, slowly, and then began to laugh with a laugh of silent rapture, and with a wild desire to dance over the heads of her prisoners.

They made no noise, shut in as if they were in a stone box, only getting air through a grating.

Berthine at once re-lighted her fire, put on her saucepan once more, and made more soup, murmuring: "Father will be tired to-night."

Then she sat down and waited. Nothing but the deep-toned pendulum of the clock went to and fro with its regular tick in the silence. From time to time, the young woman cast a look at the dial—an impatient look, which seemed to say: "How slowly it goes!"

Presently she thought she heard a murmur under her feet; low, confused words reached her through the vaulted masonry of the cellar. The Prussians were beginning to guess her trick, and soon the officer came up the little stair, and thumped the trap-door with his fist. Once more he cried: "Open the door."

She rose, drew near, and imitating his accent, asked: "What do you want?"

"Open the door!"

"I shall not open it."

The man grew angry.

"Open the door, or I'll break it in."

She began to laugh.

"Break away, my man; break away."

Then he began to beat, with the butt end of his gun, upon the oaken trap-door closed over his head; but it would have resisted a battering-ram.

The keeper's wife heard him go down again. Then, one after another, the soldiers came up to try their strength and inspect the fastenings.



"THE MEN DISAPPEARED BY THE WINDING STAIR."

But, concluding no doubt that their efforts were in vain, they all went back into the cellar and began to talk again.

The young woman listened to them ; then she went to open the outer door, and stood straining her ears for a sound.

A distant barking reached her. She began to whistle like a huntsman, and almost immediately, two immense dogs loomed through the shadows, and jumped upon her with signs of joy. She held them by the neck, to keep them from running away, and called with all her might : "Halloa, father !"

A voice, still very distant, answered : "Halloa, Berthine !"

She waited some moments, then called again : "Halloa, father."

The voice repeated, nearer : "Halloa, Berthine."

The keeper's wife returned : "Don't pass in front of the grating. There are Prussians in the cellar."

All at once the black outline of the man showed on the left, where he had paused between two tree-trunks. He asked, uneasily : "Prussians in the cellar ! What are they doing there ?"

The young woman began to laugh.

"It is those that came yesterday. They got lost in the forest ever since the morning ; I put them in the cellar to keep cool."

And she related the whole adventure ; how she had frightened them with shots of the revolver, and shut them up in the cellar.

The old man, still grave, asked : "What do you expect me to do with them at this time of night ?"

She answered : "Go and fetch M. Lavigne and his men. He'll take them prisoners ; and won't he be pleased !"

Then Father Pichou smiled : "Yes ; he will be pleased."

His daughter resumed : "Here's some soup for you ; eat it quick and go off again."

The old keeper sat down and began to eat his soup, after having put down two plates full for his dogs.

The Prussians, hearing voices, had become silent.

A quarter of an hour later,

Pichou started again. Berthine, with her head in her hands, waited.

The prisoners were moving about again. They shouted and called, and beat continually with their guns on the immovable trap-door of the cellar.

Then they began to fire their guns through the grating, hoping, no doubt, to be heard if any German detachment were passing in the neighbourhood.

The keeper's wife did not stir ; but all this noise tried her nerves, and irritated her. An evil anger awoke in her ; she would have liked to kill them, the wretches, to keep them quiet.

Then, as her impatience increased, she began to look at the clock and count the minutes.

At last the hands marked the time which she had fixed for their coming.

She opened the door once more to listen for them. She perceived a shadow moving cautiously. She was frightened, and screamed. It was her father.



"HE GAVE A LONG, STRIDENT WHISTLE."

He said : " They sent me to see if there's any change."

" No, nothing."

Then he in his turn gave a long, strident whistle into the darkness. And soon, something brown was seen coming slowly through the trees—the advance guard composed of ten men.

The old man kept repeating : " Don't pass before the grating."

And the first comers pointed out the formidable grating to those who followed.

Finally, the main body appeared, two hundred men in all, each with two hundred cartridges.

M. Lavigne, trembling with excitement, posted them so as to surround the house on all sides, leaving, however, a wide, free space round the little black hole, level with the earth, which admitted air to the cellar.

Then he entered the dwelling and inquired into the strength and position of the enemy, now so silent that it might be thought to have disappeared, flown away or evaporated through the grating. M. Lavigne stamped his foot on the trap-door and called : " Mr. Prussian officer !"

The German did not reply.

The Major repeated : " Mr. Prussian officer !"

It was in vain. For a whole twenty minutes he summoned this silent officer to capitulate with arms and baggage, promising him life and military honours for himself and his soldiers. But he obtained no sign of consent or of hostility. The situation was becoming difficult.

The soldier-citizens were stamping their feet and striking wide-armed blows upon their chests, as coachmen do for warmth, and they were looking at the grating with an ever-growing childish desire to pass in front of it. At last one of them risked it, a very nimble fellow called Potdevin. He took a start and ran past like a stag. The attempt succeeded. The prisoners seemed dead.

A voice called out : " There's nobody there."

Another soldier crossed the space before the dangerous opening. Then it became a game. Every minute, a man ran

out, passing from one troop to the other as children at play do, and raising showers of snow behind him with the quick movement of his feet. They had lighted fires of dead branches to keep themselves warm, and the flying profile of each *Garde-National* showed in a bright illumination as he passed over to the camp on the left.

Someone called out : " Your turn, Maloison."

Maloison was a big baker whom his comrades laughed at, because he was so fat.

He hesitated. They teased him. Then, making up his mind, he started at a regular breathless trot which shook his stout person. All the detachment laughed till they cried. They called out : " Bravo, Maloison !" to encourage him.

He had gone about two-thirds of the distance when a long flame, rapid and red, leapt from the grating. A report followed, and the big baker fell upon his nose with a frightful shriek.

No one ran to help him. Then they saw him drag himself on all fours across the snow, moaning, and when he was beyond that terrible passage he fainted. He had a bullet high up in the flesh of the thigh.

After the first surprise and alarm there was more laughter.

Major Lavigne appeared upon the threshold of the keeper's lodge. He had just framed his plan of attack, and gave his word of command in a ringing voice : " Plumber Planchet and his men !"

Three men drew near.

" Unfasten the gutters of the house."



" THE BIG BAKER FELL UPON HIS NOSE."

In a quarter of an hour some twenty yards of leaden gutter pipe were brought to the Major.

Then, with innumerable prudent precautions, he had a little round hole bored in the edge of the trap-door, and having laid out an aqueduct from the pump to this opening, announced with an air of satisfaction: "We are going to give these German gentlemen something to drink." A wild cheer of admiration burst forth, followed by shouts of delight and roars of laughter. The Major organized gangs of workers, who were to be employed in relays of five minutes. Then he commanded: "Pump!"

And the iron handle having been put in motion, a little sound rustled along the pipes and slipped into the cellar, falling from step to step with the tinkle of a waterfall, suggestive of rocks and little red fishes.

They waited.

An hour passed; then two, then three.

The Major walked about the kitchen in a fever, putting his ear to the floor from time to time, trying to guess what the enemy was doing and whether it would soon capitulate.

The enemy was moving now. Sounds of rattling, of speaking, of splashing, could be heard. Then towards eight in the morning a voice issued from the grating: "I want to speak to the French officer."

Lavigne answered from the window, without putting out his head too far: "Do you surrender?"

"I surrender."

"Then pass out your guns."

A weapon was immediately seen to appear out of the hole and fall into the snow; then a second, a third—all; and the same voice declared: "I have no more. Make haste. I am drowned."

The Major commanded: "Stop."

And the handle of the pump fell motionless.

Then, having filled the kitchen with soldiers, all standing armed, he slowly lifted the trap-door.

Six drenched heads appeared, six fair heads with long light hair, and the six Germans were seen issuing forth one by one, shivering, dripping, scared.

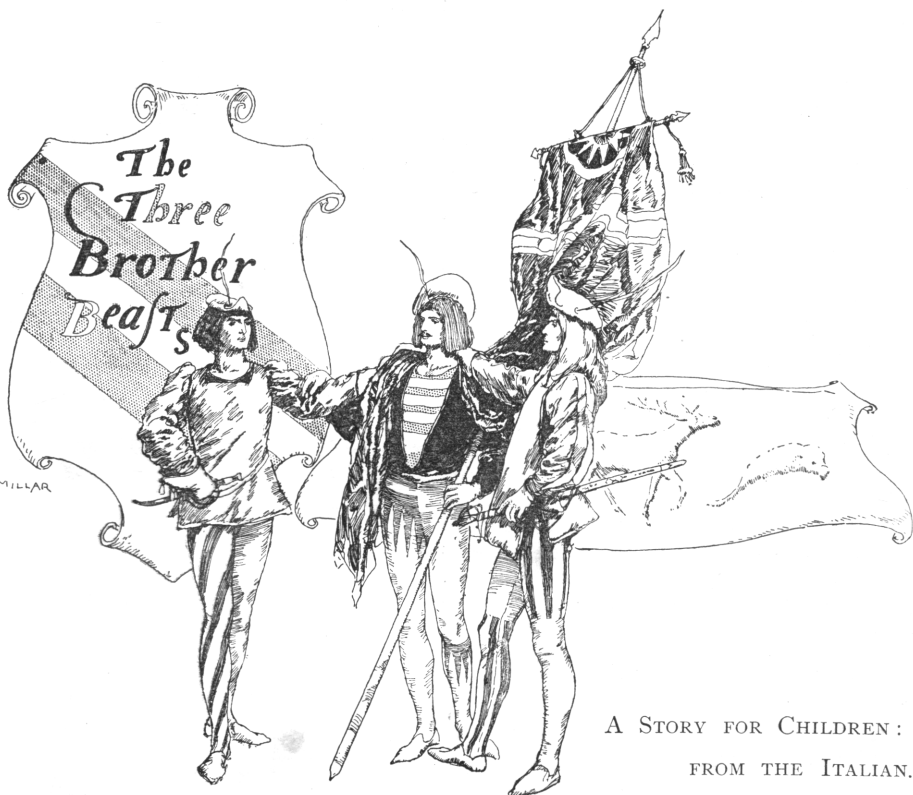
They were seized and bound. Then, as a surprise was apprehended, the troops set out in two parties, one in charge of the prisoners, the other in charge of Maloison, on a mattress, carried on poles.

Rethel was entered in triumph.

M. Lavigne received a decoration for having taken prisoner a Prussian advance-guard; and the fat baker had the military medal for wounds received in face of the enemy.



"THE SIX GERMANS WERE SEEN ISSUING FORTH."



A STORY FOR CHILDREN :
FROM THE ITALIAN.



HERE was, once upon a time, a King of a country called Verdecollé, who had three daughters, each one more lovely than the other. The three sons of the neighbouring King of Velprato fell very much in love with these beauties, but just as the weddings were going to come off, the three Princes fell under the power of a wicked Fairy, who turned them all into different animals, and the father of the Princesses very naturally refused in consequence to let his daughters marry them.

Thereupon the eldest Prince, who had been changed into an Eagle with magic power, summoned all the birds of the air to his aid. They came in swarms—sparrows, larks, thrushes, starlings, and every other bird you can think of; and the Eagle commanded them to devastate the whole country, not leaving a leaf or blossom on any tree.

The second Prince, who had been changed into a Stag, called the goats, rabbits, hares, pigs, and all the other four-footed beasts, and ordered them to lay waste all the fields and ploughed land, and not to leave a single root or blade of grass.

The third Prince, who had been changed into a Dolphin, assembled all the monsters of the deep, and raised such a storm on the coasts of the country, that all the ships and trading vessels were lost and shattered to pieces.

When the King saw that the only way to put an end to these troubles and disasters was to give the three Beasts his daughters in marriage, he gave in at last, though with much foreboding and many tears.

When the Eagle, the Stag, and the Dolphin arrived to carry their brides off, their mother gave each of the Princesses a ring, saying as she did so: "My dear daughters, keep these rings carefully and always wear them, for if you separate and do not meet again for many years, or if at any time you come across any one of your own blood, you will always recognise each other by these talismans."

So they took their departure and set out on their different ways. The Eagle carried Fabiella, who was the eldest sister; off to a lofty mountain above the clouds, where it never rained, but the sun shone perpetually, and here he gave her a magnificent palace, and treated her like a queen.

The Stag bore Vasta, the second sister, away with him, right into the heart of a dark wood, and here he lived with her in the most beautiful house and garden you can imagine.

The Dolphin swam with Rita, who was the youngest sister, on his back, right across the sea, till he came to a huge rock, and on the rock stood a house in which three crowned kings might have lived in comfort and luxury.

In the meantime the Queen gave birth to a beautiful little boy, whom she called Tittone. When he was fifteen years old he determined to set out into the world and seek tidings of his three sisters, for his mother did nothing but bewail their loss, and the unhappy fate which had given them three Beasts for their husbands. At first his father and mother could not be prevailed on to let him go, but at length they yielded to his entreaties, and having provided him with a suitable escort and with a ring the same as his sisters, they took a tender farewell of him. So the young Prince set forth on his travels, and wandered for many years through all the different countries of the world without ever coming on a trace of the three Princesses. At last one day he came to the mountain where Fabiella and the Eagle lived, and when he saw their palace Tittone stood still, lost in admiration of its marble pillars and alabaster walls, its windows of crystal and roof of glittering gold.

As soon as Fabiella saw him she called him to her and asked him who he was, where he came from, and what business had led him thither. When the Prince had described his native land, his father and his mother, and answered all the Princess's questions, Fabiella recognised him as her brother, and she became quite certain of the fact when she compared his ring with the one she always wore. She embraced her brother tenderly; but, fearful lest her husband should object to his arrival, she hid him in a cupboard.

When the Eagle came home that evening Fabiella confided to him that she was very home-sick, and that she had been suddenly seized with a strong desire to see her own people once more. The Eagle answered: "Try and get over this wish, my dear wife, for it cannot be fulfilled till I become a man again."

"Well, then," said Fabiella, "if it is impossible for me to go to them, let

us invite one of my relations to come and visit us here."

"With all my heart," replied the Eagle, "but I don't think anyone would take the trouble to come such a long way to see you."

"But suppose someone had come, and was in the palace at this moment, would you object?" asked his wife.

"Of course not," answered the Eagle. "Any relation of yours would be as dear to me as the apple of my eye."

When Fabiella heard these words she took heart, and, going to the cupboard, she opened it, and showed the Eagle her brother hidden there.

The Eagle greeted him warmly, and said :



"FABIELLA OPENED THE CUPBOARD."

"You are most welcome, and it is a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance. I hope you will consider yourself quite at home in my palace, and ask for anything you want." And he gave orders that everything was to be done for the comfort and entertainment of his brother-in-law.

But after Tittone had stayed on the mountain for a fortnight, he remembered that he had still to find his other two sisters. He therefore asked his sister and her husband for permission to depart from their hospitable roof; but before bidding him farewell, the Eagle gave him one of his feathers, saying as he did so: "Take this feather, dear Tittone, and treasure it carefully, for it will be of great use to you some day. If any misfortune should overtake you, throw it on the ground, and call out 'Help, help!' and I will come to you." Tittone took the feather and put it carefully away in his purse; then he took a tender leave of his sister and the Eagle, thanking them a thousand times for their goodness and hospitality to him.

After a long and weary journey he came at length to the wood where the Stag lived with Vasta; and as he was nearly starving with hunger he went into the garden and began to eat the fruit he found there. His sister soon noticed him and recognised him, in the same way that Fabiella had done; she hastened to introduce him to her husband, who received him in the most friendly manner, and entertained him sumptuously.

After spending a fortnight with Vasta and her husband, Tittone determined to set out and look for his third sister; but before his departure the Stag gave him one of his hairs with the same words that the Eagle had spoken when he gave him one of his feathers to guard carefully.

So Tittone departed on his way, and with the money the Eagle and Stag had given him he wandered to the uttermost parts of the world, where the sea at last put an end to his travels by land, and he was obliged to

take ship and search through the islands for his third sister. At length, after many days, he came to the rock where Rita lived with the Dolphin. Hardly had he stepped on land when his sister perceived him, and recognised him at once, as the others had done. His brother-in-law gave him a warm welcome, and when, after a short time, Tittone expressed his desire to return home once more to his father and mother, the Dolphin gave him one of his scales with



"HIS SISTER SOON NOTICED HIM."

the same words that the Eagle and Stag had spoken when they gave him the feather and hair. So the young Prince took ship again, and when he reached the land he mounted a horse and rode on his way.

But he had hardly ridden a mile from the coast when he came to a gloomy wood overgrown with thick brushwood and rank weeds. The Prince forced his way through it as best he could, and at last reached a lake with a high stone tower in the middle of it, at one of the windows of which sat a lovely maiden,

with a terrible-looking Dragon asleep at her feet. As soon as she perceived the Prince she called out in a pitiful voice :

"Oh ! beautiful youth, Heaven has sent you to rescue me from my sad fate ; I implore you to free me from the clutches of this horrible monster, who has carried me away from my father, the King of Merovale, and has shut me up in this gloomy tower, where I am nearly dead with loneliness and terror."

"Woe is me," answered the Prince, "but what can I do to help you, lovely maiden, for what mortal could ever cross that lake ? and who could face this terrible Dragon, who spreads terror and desolation wherever he goes ? But wait a little, perhaps I may be able to summon other help to your aid." And with these words he threw the feather, the hair, and the scale, which his three brothers-in-law had given him, on the ground, calling out at the same time : "Help ! help ! help !"

In a moment the Eagle, the Stag, and the Dolphin appeared before him, and cried in one voice : "Here we are. What are your commands ?"

Tittone, who was overjoyed at their appearance, exclaimed : "I desire that this poor Princess should be freed from the clutches of that Dragon, and that I should carry her home with me as my bride."

"Very well," answered the Eagle, "all shall be done as you desire" ; and turning to the Stag he said, "let us lose no time, but let us strike while the iron is hot !"

With these words the Eagle gave a shrill cry, and in one moment the air was black with a flight of vultures, who flew into the window of the tower, and seizing the beautiful Princess, they bore her over to the spot where the Prince and his brothers-in-law stood. And if the maiden looked as fair as the moon in the distance, when you saw her near she was as beautiful and radiant as the sun.

But while Tittone was embracing her, and saying all manner of pretty things to his fair bride, the Dragon awoke, and flying out of the window he set upon Tittone, intending to kill him on the spot. But in a second the Stag caused a quantity of lions, tigers, panthers, bears, and wild cats to appear, who sprang upon the Dragon and tore him to pieces with their claws.

When Tittone and the Princess saw that their enemy was dead for ever, they determined to leave the place as soon as possible, but before they started the Dolphin said :

"I too would like to do something for you." And in order that no trace should

remain of the grim castle where the Princess had spent such unhappy hours, he caused the waters of the lake to overflow, and to beat so violently against the tower that it fell, and the ruins disappeared in the waves.

Tittone thanked his brothers-in-law warmly for having thus rescued his beautiful bride, but the Beasts replied : "Our thanks are rather due to the Princess, because it is through her that we are able once more to assume our human forms. At our births, a wicked fairy, who owed our mother a

grudge, condemned us, when we grew up, to go about the world in the shape of three beasts, until we should have rescued a King's daughter from some great danger ; the longed-for moment has come at last, and already we feel new life in our breasts and fresh blood flowing through our veins," and even as they were speaking, they turned into three beautiful young men, who, each in turn, embraced their brother-in-law, and made low bows to the Princess, who was nearly beside herself with joy and amazement.

Then Tittone spoke with a sigh : "Ah ! why can my poor father and mother not



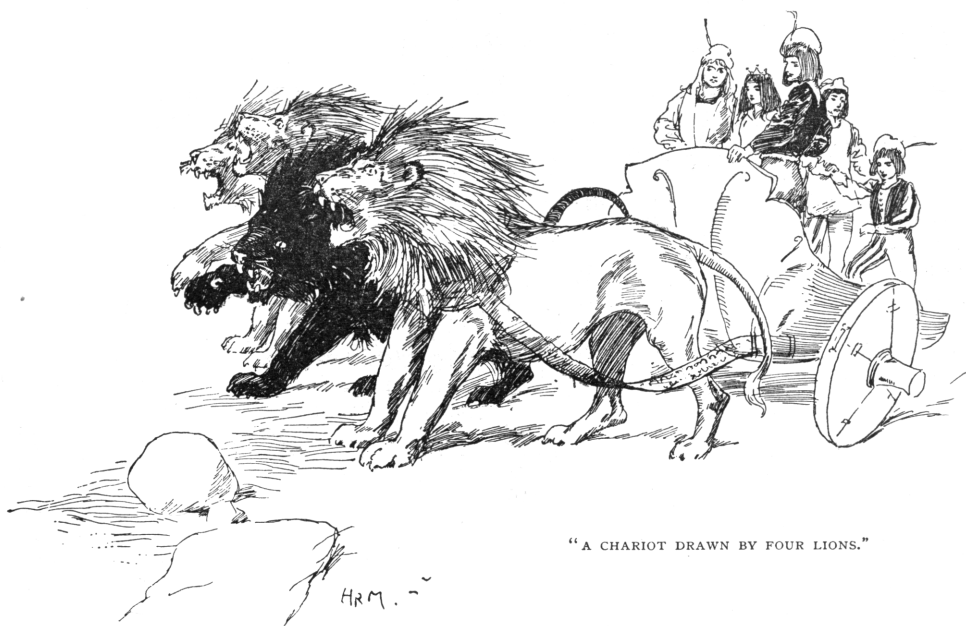
"THE DRAGON FLYING OUT OF THE WINDOW."

share this joy with us? What would they not give to see three such charming and beautiful sons-in-law?"

"We will go to them at once," answered the three Princes; "but first we must go and fetch our wives, so let us lose no time in setting forth on our journey."

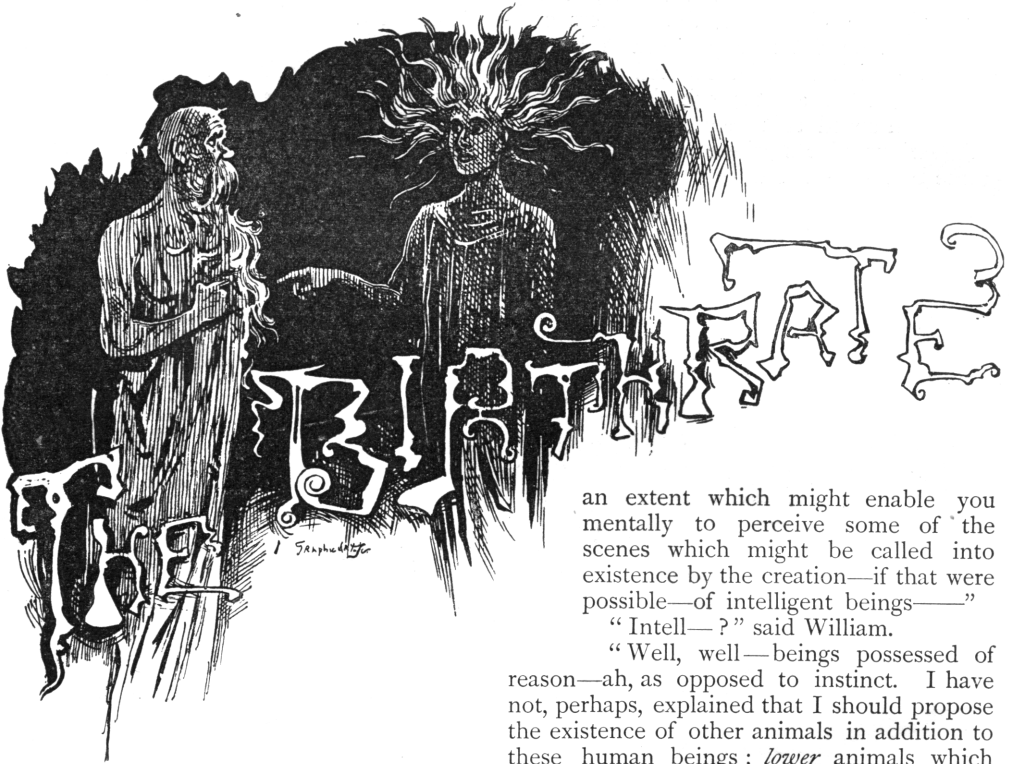
But as they could not go on foot, and as they had no means of conveyance, except Tittone's one old horse, the brothers commanded a chariot to appear drawn by four lions, in which they all five seated themselves. They travelled all through the night, and with such speed that they came next day to the various places where the wives of the three beast-brothers were waiting for them.

After much rejoicing and embracing the whole eight of them continued their journey to the Kingdom of Verdecollé, where the King and Queen received their long-lost children—with what joy you can imagine! which was only increased when they perceived their sons-in-law in their human shape, and the beautiful bride Tittone had brought back with him. They sent at once to tell the Kings of Velprato and Merovalle of the good fortune that had befallen their children, and invited them to a feast, the like of which for splendour and magnificence had never been seen before, and all the woes and troubles of the past were forgotten in the rejoicing and merrymaking of the present.



"A CHARIOT DRAWN BY FOUR LIONS."

The Queer Side of Things.



HE two spirits, William and James (whom it again becomes the duty of the faithful reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to remember ; whose images, indeed, should be deeply imprinted on his consciousness), had again foregathered in the solemn boundlessness of space and darkness.

"Touching those worlds and human beings whose existence I imagined——" said James.

William yawned wearily, but, unable to plead any sudden excuse for departure which would not be too discourteously transparent, resigned himself to the unavoidable.

"I have been studying this hypnotism of which I spoke as one of my fancies, and if you have no objection I fancy that I could—with your assistance—influence your mind to

an extent which might enable you mentally to perceive some of the scenes which might be called into existence by the creation—if that were possible—of intelligent beings——"

"Intell—?" said William.

"Well, well—beings possessed of reason—ah, as opposed to instinct. I have not, perhaps, explained that I should propose the existence of other animals in addition to these human beings ; *lower* animals which would possess only *instinct*."

"And what would be the difference between reason and instinct?" asked William.

"Well," replied James. "Ah—well—instinct would be infallible, while reason would not. Instinct would arrive—er—instinctively—at fact and truth."

"Ah," said the objectionable William, "now I perceive the meaning of your phrase, 'Reason *as opposed to* instinct.' However, let us have a game at this hypnotism which you propose to try. I presume I am to attempt to subordinate my mind to yours—subordinate, as it were, instinct to mere reason—for the time being?"

They took the matter methodically in hand, and with such success that, within a few particles of eternity, James asked his companion spirit whether he seemed to perceive anything, and William replied :—

"Why—upon my word, yes! I seem to be conscious of a most hideous hubbub, discord, babel, and confusion—of an incessant

very eccentric fellows, to be sure! What *can* they require all these babies for?"

"To—er—kill! Not to kill while babies, but after they are grown up into soldiers. The beautiful philoprogenitive instinct is very strong in these human beings of mine; their tenderness towards children is really touching. There are many societies for the protection of children; and human Governments are very severe upon violence to children. You see—er—if an infant is killed



"ALL STRUGGLING AND KICKING."

wrangling, recrimination, and grumbling. It's perfectly bewildering and awful. I seem to see masses of forms, all struggling, and kicking, and rending one another—crawling over and treading on each other. What a horribly unpleasant state of affairs!"

"That's it!" cried James, with excited enthusiasm. "That's one of my worlds! Those are my human beings! You perceive it all perfectly! Now I wish you to tell me what strikes you most forcibly amid the confusion."

"Why—well—here are a group of human beings screaming with acute lamentation all in one key. They appear to be screaming for 'babies': they are calling upon the sky to rain down babies on their land, and upon the sea to wash up babies on the shore in shoals, like herrings! What can they require all those babies for? Surely not to eat?"

"Oh, no; not to eat. To increase the population. You will recall our touching upon the mania of these human creatures for increase of population, in our last talk on the subject? Well, this group of creatures are the legislators of one of the nations, and they are frantic with grief because the population does not increase with sufficient rapidity."

"Ah, yes," said William, "I perceive that they have temporarily ceased their shrieks of lamentation in order to discuss various wild projects for increasing the population more rapidly. They are proposing taxes on bachelors, and premiums on large families, and other equally strange expedients. What

it is—er—disqualified for being subsequently slaughtered on the field of battle.

"Infanticide is regarded as a most heartless crime. You now perceive that that group of legislators are glaring at an adjacent island containing another nation, and are shrieking with anger and envy! That is because that insular nation has so many more babies, and increases so much more rapidly in population."

"Oh, ah, yes! I perceive the island you mention," said William. "It appears to me to be inconveniently crowded already; in fact, it seems unable to produce food enough to support its population."

"Oh! it is—it is! It is a most happy island; the happiness of a given district being always measured by its population. A large tract of land filled with the beauties of inanimate nature, but having a population insufficient to pollute the air, is considered a very sad sight; and earnest efforts are always made to crowd it with immigrants."

"I perceive an enormous congregation of your human beings on this island—a dense mass of them, all pushing and squeezing for want of space, and seething over each other as if they were boiling," said William.

"Yes," explained James, "that is the capital of the island, and the largest city in this particular world. It is so crowded that the air is unfit to breathe, and is full of sulphur and other poisons from the fires made by the inhabitants. Perfect health is unknown within its bounds. Everybody suffers perpetually from his liver, and has to



"THE DOCTORS ARE GENERALLY MORE ILL THAN THE PATIENTS."

suddenly 'knock off' from active business for about three weeks in every month; everyone is in the doctor's hands all the year round—that is, while the doctor is not prevented from attending him by being ill in bed himself; you see, as the general illness originates from overwork, and as the doctors are, under the circumstances, the most overworked section of the community, the doctors are generally a little more ill than their patients.

"Everybody suffers from chronic nerves, and 'jumps,' and 'blues,' and various other diseases with similar scientific names; in fact, everybody has nothing particular the matter with him—no serious illness—and is in consequence always seriously ill. It is all the result of civilization, or over-population—which are exchangeable terms for the same thing."

"Hum!" grumbled the unreflecting William. "Don't quite see why they need be! Why can't your civilized communities draw the line when the population has reached its comfortable limits, and smother the superfluous individ—"

"Oh, William! How can you? What a

horrible idea! Smother their fellow-creatures! No, William; morality, piety, the better feelings of the community would, with one accord, rebel against so hideous and shocking an expedient—nay, it would not do at all. I have told you that the surplus population are *required* to be smashed and torn to death by explosives, and cut to pieces with swords, and so forth. Pray, do not make such dreadful suggestions again! This city increases its population with incredible rapidity; is, in fact, the envy of the world, and is always pointed to as a model."

"What a noise of cheering there is over in that part of the city!" exclaimed William. "There are all sorts of decorations, and illuminations, and triumphal arches."

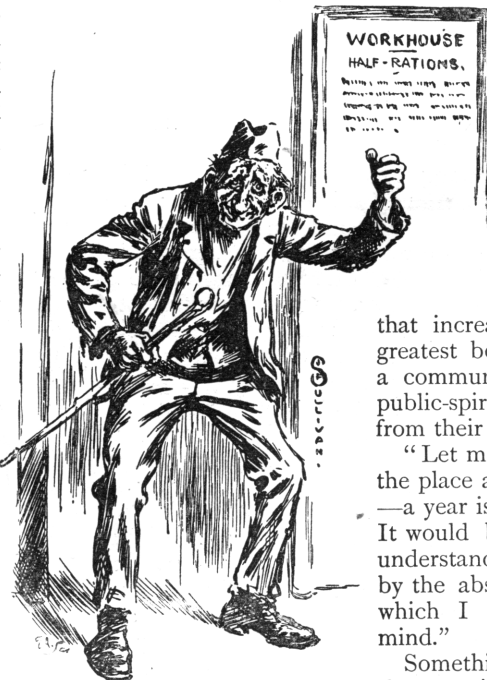
"Ah! that parish has gained the prize for the highest birth-rate; and you perceive it is erecting immense buildings within its bounds. These are new workhouses to receive the increment of population, which will, of course, be unable to find a means of livelihood. That parish is the champion

parish of that great city—a guiding star for all the parishes in the world. The paupers in it—two-thirds of the entire population—have just been put on half rations in consequence of the increasing strain on the parish resources; but those paupers are wise enough to perceive

that increase of population is the greatest boon, the highest aim, of a community; and are filled with public-spirited joy at the deduction from their allowance of food.

"Let me show you a picture of the place a few hundred years later—a year is a small division of time. It would be difficult to make you understand exactly what I mean by the abstract thing called Time, which I have conceived. Never mind."

Something seemed to whirl past the consciousness of William; and



"PUBLIC-SPIRITED JOY."

then another picture of the same island seemed to present itself before him. He fell to coughing and gasping violently, and grew purple in the face.

"Oh, dear — what a horrible atmosphere!" he exclaimed. "I can't breathe! Whatever is the matter? What a dreadful pressure of elbows there is all round me; and how the ground moves about under one's feet as if there were an earthquake!"

"It isn't an earthquake," explained James; "it is merely that part of the population which, being weaker, has got trodden under foot—there being insufficient standing-room on the island for all. The stratum of those trodden under foot is about 15ft. deep by this time; and you may perceive that fresh numbers are continually falling from pressure and suffocation, there being, of course, insufficient air for all.

"But, just consider! — the birth-rate is always steadily on the increase, and the population is more jubilant than ever. It is a most happy island; and all the other nations are mad with envy."

"Here! Help! I don't like this!" screamed William. "I'm being whirled away by the crowd, and nearly torn to pieces! Why are they all rushing so? What's the matter?"

"Oh, they have only caught sight of a scrap of food," said James. "You see, the island can neither produce nor import anything approaching a sufficiency of food for the population, so everyone is chronically ravenous. But this by no means discounts the jubilation at the magnificent birth-rate. Here, give me your hand, and let me help you up to this place of comparative safety, on the roof of this cathedral, where the pressure of the crowd is less great. That's all right."

"What is the matter with that throng over there? Why do they give evidence of such wild indignation?"

"It is a meeting of working-men, convened to express indignation at a

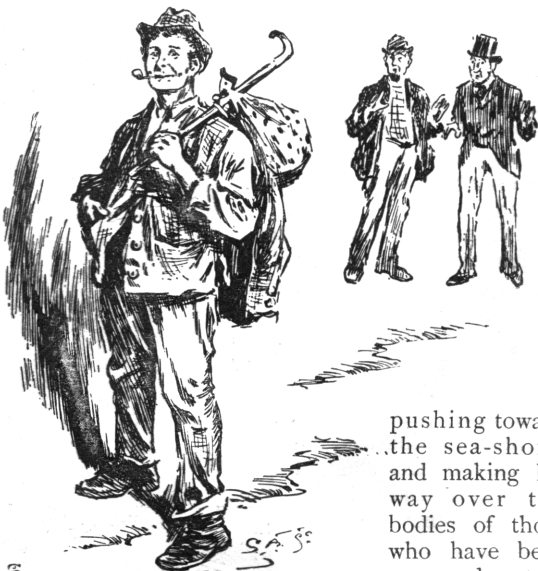


"NEARLY TORN TO PIECES."

suggestion lately made that some of them should emigrate in search of the employment and subsistence which they cannot find here. If they can get hold of the author of the heartless suggestion, they will tear him in pieces. He has had the cynical effrontery to propose that they shall proceed across the ocean, and settle on a fertile tract of country where every one of them would have room, pure air, and plenty of food! As he has gone there himself, they unfortunately cannot get at him to rend him limb from limb."

"And who is this young man over whom so many people are weeping, and who is evidently the victim of some terrible misfortune?"

"Oh! why, he is a very extraordinary person, with a strangely warped mind; in fact, the majority of the population look upon him as insane. He has actually decided to emigrate to that country across the ocean, and get a breath of fresh air and sufficient meals. He is looked upon as the victim of pernicious machinations, and sincerely pitied. See, he is



"HE HAS DECIDED TO EMIGRATE."

pushing toward the sea-shore, and making his way over the bodies of those who have been squeezed out at the edge of the

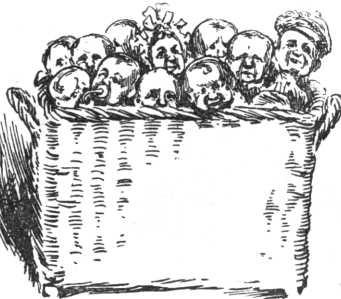
land into the sea. Now he reaches one of the ships which lie, packed like pilchards, in the channel. Poor fellow! Perhaps he may never more behold the happy land of his childhood, where the birth-rate is so high!"

"There is another meeting," said William. "They are lamenting the increasing tendency of young men to remain bachelors, instead of marrying and bringing up large families. This state of things is deplored as very serious and regrettable, and as a very unfortunate omen for the future of the population; and they proceed to suggest and consider means for inducing young men to marry at as early an age as possible. It is a very sad meeting!"

"Yes," said James; "you see they are beginning to fear that the race is dying out. That person speaking is a celebrated statistician, who has made a calculation, showing that, should the birth-rate continue on the same meagre lines, in the course of one hundred years everyone would find space to sit down; in two hundred years folks would be obliged to stick out their elbows in order to touch one another continuously over the whole island."

"What a terrible picture! Tears come into the eyes of the orator as he draws it: 'Where,' he asks, would be that compactness and unity which are the only safeguards of a nation? How could man keep touch with man? Think of that cold, hopeless, terrible void between one beating human heart and another!"

"See—they are presenting a testimonial to an extremely deserving citizen, one Jones, a



"JONES."

person of the lower middle classes, who is possessed of a family of no less than thirty-seven. That man is certain of a career; he has only to express a wish for any public office, to receive it at once; and see, even now the meeting suggests the creation of a new office in the Ministry on purpose for Jones—the office of 'Encourager of the Birth-rate,' at a salary of five thousand a year."

"Dear me, that is very unfortunate!" exclaimed William.

"What's the matter?" asked James.

"That meeting, just when about to hit upon a practical plan for arresting the decline of the birth-rate, have been all smothered by the pressure of numbers! Ha! What is that? Surely the sound of a trumpet! See—look! That nation which is so filled with envy of the insular nation is about to make war upon it."

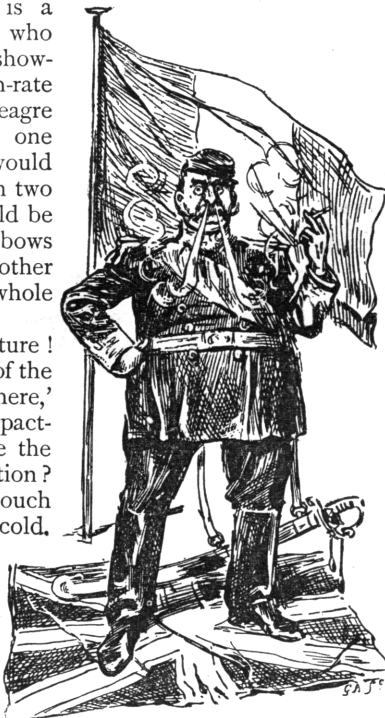
"Ha!" cried James, triumphantly. "Now we shall see how the birth-rate tells! Now

we shall see how the nation with the largest population has the incalculable advantage over the one which—What is the matter now?"

"Why, the envious nation with the low birth-rate has completely conquered the insular one, and is jumping on its flag!"

"Pooh! All a mistake!" screamed James. "Impossible. How about its vast population, ready at the call of its native land to rise against the foe?"

"Why," replied William, "the vast population ready at the call of its native land somehow smothered and crushed itself to death in the attempt to get to the foe; and, as it was a dense mass, the foe's cannon had greater effect upon it; and then the foe, having a lower birth-rate, and consequently more elbow-room—"



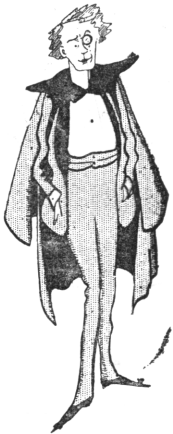
F. F. SULLIVAN.

FIND ROMEO.



Club Types.

By H. M. BEERBOHM.



THE PLAYGOERS'.



THE SAVAGE.



NATIONAL LIBERAL.



THE AMPHITRYON.



WHITE'S.



THE JOCKEY.



THE REFORM.



THE BEEFSTEAK.



THE GARRICK.



JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE.



THE DEVONSHIRE.



SENIOR UNITED SERVICE.



THE ARTS.



THE ST. JAMES'S.



THE JUNIOR CARLTON.



THE TRAVELLERS.



THE LYRIC.



THE CARLTON.



COMFORTABLE.



SQUEEZED.

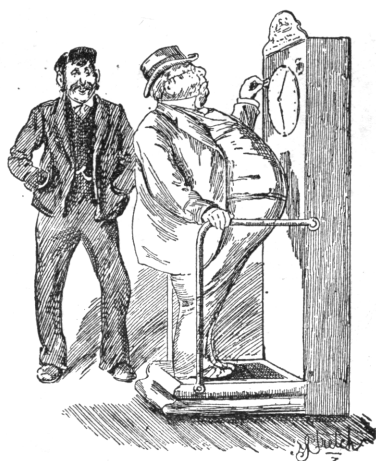


JAMMED.



CRUMPLED.

IN A TRAM CAR.



SPECTATOR: "NO USE WASTING PENNIES, GOVERNOR,
IT ONLY WORKS UP TO TWENTY STONE."



THE CLOCK BED

THE NEWEST THING IN LODGING-HOUSE FURNITURE.